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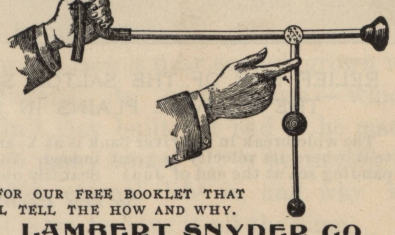

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RELIEF MAP OF THE SALTON SINK, IMPERIAL VALLEY, IN CALIFORNIA, AND THE ALLUVIAL PLAINS IN MEXICO TO THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

The wide break in the river bank is at X, and nearly all the water flows from X along the dotted line to B, where its velocity is great indeed. The dots around the Salton Sink show the outlines of the expanding sea at the end of June Scarcely one-eighth of the water empties into the Gulf of California.

See Prof Elgar L. Larkin's article on page 10.

"Built thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul!
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."
—Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus."

THE NAUTILUS.

Self-Help Through Self-Knowledge.

MONTHLY, Fifty Cents a Year. | AUGUST, 1906. | VOL. VIII No. 10.

To Live Forever.

ELIZABETH TOWNE.

"Why is it that there is not so much said now about overcoming death as there was several years ago?"—C. B.

For the same reason that there is not so much said now about the earth being round, or about the cause of the sunrise. For the same reason that we don't keep on talking about the principles of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division—about which we thought and talked a great deal at one period of our lives.

For the same reason that a Methodist ceases to talk so much about his "conversion" after he has gone a little farther and experienced "sanctification."

For the same reason that an old new-thoughter doesn't talk new thought in season and out, as new ones do if they are any good.

New thought writers now say less about "overcoming death" because they are quite convinced that death is being "overcome."

Don't you know that we talk most about the things we are just learning? Talk is for the talker—to help him think out the ideas. By "talking things over" we *form* new channels for our mental energy to run in. Of course writing, which is talking on paper, helps us in the same way.

All kinds of scientists have been busy for a generation thinking out this idea of immortality in the flesh. All kinds of scientists have arrived at the same conclusion, that old age and somatic death are simply a habit, which will be outgrown in the way that all things are outgrown, through increasing intelligence. We have been talking and writing to convince ourselves that life is eternal. Now we are convinced and we talk, not about whether eternal life is possible, but about *what we can do to make ourselves and our environment fit for eternal life.*

When I say "fit," I do not mean it in a "moral" sense at all. The church has always believed in immortality, and in becoming fit for it. The prophets saw by faith the things which intelligence is just growing up to. In the childhood of the race we thought as children. Then we imagined strange and incongruous things. When the spirit whispered of eternal life we felt we were unfit for it. Then we built up a childish card structure of an idea that we would have to go through some miraculous change before experiencing eternal life, and that we must become "good" and die, before we could be immortal.

Now the race is near enough grown up to discard its card house — which wouldn't stay built but had to be made over so many times. It is beginning to see what eternal life is, and why we didn't seem to have it all the time.

We know now that Eternal Life *is,*

and *we are It.* We know that death is merely a phase of life that we unconsciously called in to obliterate all kinds of card houses we had built and didn't like.

We have arrived at the conclusion that when we want to live right along we can do it. We need no miraculous changes to give us Life. We *are* life, and death is not even a negation of life, *but a change of consciousness.*

When we get tired of a house or it gets too cramped for us, we go live in another one. Death is just going to live in another mansion. We call death in when we get tired enough of the old environment.

So the realization of eternal life resolves itself into the matter of making ourselves so self-satisfying, and our environment so beautiful and *so elastic,* that we shall not *want* to move into a new mansion. As not one of us is really satisfied with anything less than beauty, power, love, freedom; as not one of us can be satisfied with an environment which will not afford us opportunity to work out our ideals of beauty; and *as one man's environment includes the whole world and all its people;* you can see that there is a good deal to do yet before any one man will really *want* to stay right along here without the change of mansion we call death.

Some individuals can progress much faster than any class or race as a whole. Everybody knows that. Everybody has seen bright children kept back to the pace of the class. Everybody is familiar with the bright child who skips class after class and graduates a year or two ahead of those with whom he began. Life is just like that. In every generation there are a few, a very few "advanced souls" who literally outgrow the rest of the people—and generally get crucified for their smartness. Or have to recant like Galileo, to save their necks.

I can't imagine what Galileo wanted to live for, when the people would not let him get ahead of them. What kind of enjoyment could he expect to get out of a life that burned his writings, muzzled and hoppled him, and kept him doing penance? It seems to me Galileo would better have shouted his new ideas to the world and let it pass him on to a higher class in the Great University—while the world plodded its snail pace after him, accepting a few generations later what it repudiated so fiercely when its star scholar first stated it.

Jesus was brighter than Galileo. He knew enough to speak the high truth as he saw it, and let the world pass him on to a higher class while the plodders caught up with his wisdom—2,000 years or so later. It was true as Jesus said, the world could not pass him on except he *chose* to go. He could, if he chose, recant and stay in the world. Anybody can stay in the world if he will conform to it. But Jesus had worked out his world-problems, said his say and convinced some dozen or so other people that he was right, and half-convinced a few score more. And this little handful of people were as one stray sheep in a band of hungry wolves—or as a smart alick in a school class. Why should Jesus *want* to stay in such a class? He didn't. It was bad for him and for the class, which he had outgrown when he was only thirty-three. So he stuck to his principles and went up higher. He was, at his own consent, "taken away from the evil to come."

Wasn't Jesus wiser than Galileo who recanted at sixty-nine and vegetated nine years more in a muzzle? *But Galileo's work was not done in 1633 when the Inquisition gave him his choice of wrack or muzzle.* That was why he chose the muzzle. And four

years later he discovered the moon's libration—whatever that may be—and wrote immortal treatises.

Now you see the secret of death is uncongenial life. When life is congenial we shall not choose to give up the spirit. Eternal life is; and it is *you* and *me*. The key to the manifestation of eternal life in the flesh lies in environment. And the key to right environment lies in the individual. Jesus, finding himself in uncongenial environment, used his key to let himself out. Everybody that dies does the same thing, though most of us are not conscious of having ourselves opened the door of death.

But before Jesus let himself out of "this life" he used his highest powers to improve this world. He sowed seeds which are now beginning to blossom in a new social order that will make the world a happy environment for growing souls; 2,000 years ago it was more like a straight jacket.

When Jesus could not improve his environment fast enough to keep him busy and happy; when he realized that it would take many years before folks would even tolerate his ideas or the sort of environment and soul-life he had in mind, he went off to other worlds, or other planes of this world.

I surmise that if Jesus could come back to earth just as he was when he left it—if he could have stood still all these 2,000 years, instead of growing in intelligence right along, as I suppose he has—if he could come back to earth now, it would be as a Ben Lindsey, or a Dr. Bernardo, or maybe as editor of a big daily or a new thought monthly, or maybe as a Fra Elbertus or a Teddy Roosevelt, or a Governor Folk, or a Frances Willard, or maybe a Gaylord Wilshire, or a Jailer Whitman, or an Edison or Elmer Gates, and he would find thousands of folks working with the same ideals and aims as his own, where he found none at all when he came to earth before.

But I doubt if he would stay very much longer this time than he did before. For there is still *lots* to do before this world is ready to tempt us to a much longer occupancy than the customary threescore years and ten. And the aforementioned understudies of Jesus can do the work quite well enough—while Jesus busies himself in higher spheres. And anyway, Jesus didn't stand still at the A. D. 33 mark. He is 2,000 years ahead of us, and probably absorbed in things we have not yet even dreamed of. If he ever thinks of this old world at all (why should he, when *we* never think of the old worlds we must have left before coming into this one?) it is to peep at us and smile to see how well we are coming on with the ideas we couldn't listen to when he was here before.

Other folks have always died very much as Jesus did—each did his little best to improve things, then grew weary of the struggle and passed on—to come back again a little later perhaps, and help things along a little farther. The main difference between Jesus and us is, maybe, that he is a wiser, more apt student, and he gave up his spirit consciously when he was ready, while most of us do it unconsciously, imagining we are not ready.

The last enemy to be overcome is death. The other ones are those impulses and dearths of impulse which make breaks in the golden rule. When we all—or a good majority of us—learn to *do* unto others as we would like to have them do unto us if we were as they, *then* the earth will blossom as a rose and afford the sort of happy opportunities we all must have before we want to live here forever.

In the meantime we are not thinking so much about eternal life itself as about that which makes eternal life desirable.

Mechanics of the Primeval Earth.

Geological Glory and Grandeur — Wonders of the New Salton Sea.

By Edgar L. Larkin.

Oh! Cathedral splendors; oh! gorgeous facades of stained glass windows. Oh! supernal colors! How the lights of every tint and hue do come streaming in, and how the pencils and rays touch with gold, and green and red, everything upon which they fall. And then a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand cathedrals piled on cathedrals,—they are simply wonderful. Indeed! This world, "our earth," is growing more wonderful, intricate and marvelous, minute by minute, as exploration becomes more accurate and refined. Giant domes, rounded wind and sand battered knobs, sculptured pillars, pilasters, columns, towers, bulwarks and minarets, by hundreds of thousands. Colossal walls, giant facades, stupendous carvings high up, once worn and scooped out by rapid sand laden waters, on both sides, for three hundred miles, making six hundred of living solid stone sculptures, standing on sculptured things up, up to dizzy heights, into the purple and blue, from 3,000 to 6,200 feet, are objects that "rock the mind" of one able from "Love of Nature, to commune with her visible forms." Up before the sun? Indeed—yes,—and to the awful brink! And then a scene of such amazing beauty, so superb, so exquisite; that human speech is impotent; even imagination racing in the brain fails; and an impression of both body and thought dissolving, or, more accurately an indescribable emotion comes on all unawares. For when the sun,—think one moment about the sun,—it is 1,310,000 times larger than the earth and hotter than melted steel—when the mighty sun pours floods of light at its rising, into the midst of the temples, hewn walls, cut doorways, the mouths of caves, and into long corridors in twisted, torn and tossed rock all painted in every color of that marvel of marvels, the solar spectrum; when the sun sends streamers in between peaks, crags and cliffs, great brilliant streams of light, then it is that the one capable of loving, really loves. For the habitable earth has nothing to compare with the grand canyon of the Colorado River, in Arizona.

Painters who paint with words, and those who paint with brush and colors, have often visited this wondrous place; and have tried to convey to minds of far and away readers, some idea, some impression, some mental picture of this awe-inspiring scene. But they soon find that those wonderful things,—words,—begin to lose their power, for their pens in a few minutes drag lifeless and cold along the paper. The colors of the artist grow pale, wave and fade, and the brush drops down alongside of the pen. Yes, I once went six hundred feet under Niagara Falls, listened to the thunders and imagined that the pounding floods made the solid globe beat and tremble. But that scene is not equal to that greater and far wider flood,—the flood of light which pours into the vast chasm—the abyss in Arizona.

Everybody ought to hear Mabel McKinley sing "Sweet Anona," and listen to her as she sings forth in tuneful notes its rhyming word — Arizona. Haven't you heard her sing about the "Dear Little Indian Girl?"

Anona must have been there early in the morning, for a little Indian girl was

standing near the edge of the canyon, oblivious of danger, while she watched the glories of the rising sun.

I went to the bottom, 6,200 feet below, even to the river; watched the turbulent and tumbling waters and listened to the roar of the pent up streams in between herculean walls. I don't know, I couldn't even imagine down there. The overpowering majesty of the scene; its magnificence, sublimity and beauty round about, are too much for the imagination. The appalling piles of cathedrals were lighted with supernal radiance, the radiance of the noon-day sun—the sun of Arizona. The sensation was like that experienced when looking into the brain-stupefying depths of the Milky Way; where on almost any clear night here, from this peak, forty thousand suns can be seen at one view in the telescope. The suns are piled on suns, and they are raked into heaps.

I entered a cave, it had been excavated by running water. The rock is so hard that steel only is able to scratch it. There are hundreds of these recesses, caverns and scooped out places. One can see where eddies once whirled—they twisted during uncounted millions of years. Think of it. No, it is useless to try,—but this gigantic abyss 300 miles in length and one mile and more in depth was, to all appearances, entirely excavated by the river. The words duration, eons, ages and time kept ringing in my mind, as I stood in the gloom of this deep seated cavern. The words centuries, decades, years had no effect. I wondered where the billions of tons of abraded materials, the cubic miles of groundup stone might be. Of course, I said,—"in the bottom of the ocean." Had I been told that I would see it within six years, I would have been astonished.

COCOPAH INDIANS, MEXICALI, MEXICO,
Their homes have been washed away. They worked hard to build the Levees.

DISCOVERY OF THE LONG LOST DEBRIS.

Having visited the region of the Sal-

ton Sink three times before the present floods came, I knew where to watch to see the train begin to go down hill; that is, descend towards the center of the earth. West of Indio on the Southern Pacific Railway, I saw the car gently incline downward; and on arrival at the station, the sign, reading twenty-two feet below the level of the sea excited comment. Next town seventy-six feet below, Cocachella, and then Mecca, 110, and then down, down to the Salton Sea, 287 feet below the level of the Pacific Ocean.

Wind was dashing waves against sage brush! What is more anomalous than water and sage-brush in contact in the midst of a sinister and forbidding desert? The sea is now fifty miles in length and five, ten, fifteen, eighteen and twenty-five miles in width; but has not yet reached the ancient shores,—its first beach line. These can be traced by oceanic remains, debris, shells and water and wind worn detritus entirely around the pre-historic Salton Sink, when open to that mighty sea—the Pacific.

Years ago I saw entire trains of cars in the center of the sink, loading with salt for Chicago, New York and Boston. The same point is now forty feet under water; and it is rapidly rising—now, late in June.

The objective point was Calexico in the extreme south on the California line. This place is the danger point. The Imperial Canal Company dug a great irrigation canal several years ago. The gates at the intake from the Colorado river near and below Yuma, Arizona, became clogged with sediment. A new intake with greater inclinations, so that the current would flow faster and carry the silt along without settling, was opened. Floods came, rapidly widened the intake ditch, cut out its yielding bank, got beyond control, flooded the canal, poured over Northern Mexico, rushed around to Calexico and the adjacent Mexican town Mexicali, all this time moving towards the southwest. Passing these towns, the rushing floods turned northwest, moved onward with ever increasing velocity, and poured into the primeval Salton sea bed with rush and roar. The mighty Colorado poured seven-eighths of its water into the Salton Sink instead of the Gulf of California.

How majestic, the resistless flow! Fields of rich alfalfa, barley and melons vanished. The soil is now on the bottom of the new sea, covering the salt works and other buildings, and the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Mexicans, Cocopah and Yuma Indians, and Americans, by day and by night toiled on the levees, now five feet higher than the street level. They are threatened now with destruction.

Tons of dynamite are being exploded in excavating a channel to divert the floods. I ascended a water tower. The river was twelve miles wide, and rushing with impetuous force to the ever swelling sea, sunk in ancient wastes.

A WONDER SPOT OF THE WORLD.

Let the Ganges, Indus, Euphrates, Nile, Mississippi and Amazon become articulate and speak of their mighty works, their labors in carrying soil to the sea. The floods in these rivers have been making land for ages where they let down their silt into the sea. The colossal mouths of the Ganges and Brahmapootra rivers in India, have deposited soil into a delta 220 miles long and 200 wide at the base. The Nile threw down the entire area of arable land in Egypt. And the Mississippi has added 13,000 square miles to Louisiana, tributes from Illinois, Ohio, and other states.

In all my geological explorations I have not looked upon anything that more indelibly impressed rigid proof before one's very eyes, that the earth is of the most inconceivable antiquity. For what marvel did I behold? Oh! fascinating geological display,—I saw thousands of square miles of rich land made entirely of silt excavated from the grand canyon and washed down from Colorado and Utah. The long lost mass of detritus and debris was found. Millions upon millions of years were required to deposit by annual floods, layer after layer—these thousands of cubic miles, even from Yuma and the Salton Sink, south to the Gulf of California. I believe it to be

at least a mile deep; and about 13,500 square miles in area.

Place this silt in a bucket of water, the coarse will settle when the fine may be poured off. It makes fine polish for silverware. The present floods are cutting out channels exposing the edges of layers —the written records of primeval rain storms in the distant regions of the North. These thin strata are like leaves in a historic book, faithful records of storms that flooded the vast ranges in Colorado, all through the eons of Cretaceous time.

Imperial, Brawley and Calexico. It is so rich, and vegetation grows so fast that it is the hothouse of the United States.

Seven hundred carloads of cantalopes are on their way East now. Seventy thousand sacks of barley are heaped up in the center of the "Awful Colorado desert." I submit to the *Nautilus* folk, was it not impressive to find the missing debris from primeval lands, now known as Utah, Colorado and Northern Arizona, and that debris worn away from the canyon's depths?

The very ground cries out for a hun-

A PLEASURE CRAFT ON THE DIVERTED COLORADO RIVER, CALEXICO, CALIFORNIA.
The top of the levee is shown between the people and the buildings. The tree at A is in Mexico.

Before I visited the grand canyon, I wandered completely fascinated, over naked, storm-scarred and denuded areas in Colorado. I saw facades of stone, walls of granite, and wide areas that were stripped clear of soil by ancient Cretaceous rains. Cubic miles of this debris, rich vegetable mold, sand, grit and gravel had to go cutting and grinding through the great canyon.

I have never been in the tropics; but cannot imagine that plants grow faster and in greater luxuriance, than on this exceeding rich debris of the Colorado Imperial Valley, whose chief towns are

dred thousand gardeners to come and plant. Food for man and animals is now grown in this valley, more fertile than that of the Nile, at a cost so low as to be absurd nearly. When I used to ride by this place on the cars, I said to myself, "Appalling desert;" but now, vast fields of waving grain, square miles of gardens, and great areas of pastures fine are converting sunlight into incalculable wealth. The Southern Pacific Railway is improving the wondrous valley with every resource it is able to summon to the mighty work. You can almost see vegetation grow and the leaves expand.

A Meditation on Health.

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

We have been accustomed to acknowledge, with more or less understanding, that our bodies are created by God. Paul tells us that these bodies were meant for temples—dwelling places—of God's holy spirit. If we are *willing* that our bodies shall be so used of God, can we not trust the Creator of this temple to keep it in repair?

It is no more scientifically true that God created these bodies of ours, than that he *creates* them from day to day. Science tells us of the invisible, illusive "Life Principle" working ceaselessly in every living organism, ever discarding, selecting, building up atom by atom, cell by cell—the work of creation going on untiringly day by day. In the midst of all this marvelous, beneficent activity our conscious self, often ignorant to the point of animalism, sets up a counter activity, of the most pernicious and deadly kind, tearing down, hindering, working directly against the benignant force which labors ceaselessly for our salvation.

Were it not for the regularly recurring periods of unconsciousness in sleep, when the "Life Principle" has its way with us, who should fall into hopeless ruin and decay sooner than we do. As it is, we are in the condition of a house divided against itself. God working in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure, always healing, repairing, working tirelessly for our upbuilding into perfection, and our "carnal minds," as Paul terms our conscious ego, foolishly tearing down and destroying. There must be an *at-one-ment* here, a resolute turning of the will to God.

And this is the office of the human will—to lay hold definitely and strenuously upon Truth. And where the will perceives this office and realizes this power the carnal mind is brought into subjection; its lies laid open to the light; its foolish and false demands denied, its lowering, devitalizing, destructive habits put a stop to, then God's work in our bodies goes on unhindered. We speedily become holy—whole, and our bodies full of light—true temples of the spirit of their creator.

Suppose we thrust the hand into a sack of diamonds. We are told that all we can hold are ours. If the hand remains limp, flaccid, we withdraw it empty. *Can* we close it upon the treasure? Assuredly we can; a slight effort of the will contracts the muscles, and we draw forth a handful of the glittering wonders. Just so must we lay hold with determined effort upon this great truth. All that we can hold is ours. We can hold much now, and increasingly more, as we grow into the fulness of our appointed stature.

"For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and truth."

The Evolution of a Castaway.

ELEANOR KIRK.

A Dude was once a castaway, a real, material castaway. There are many such in Spirit, but this especial Dude was hit very hard where it hurts most. He was sailing round the world for his health and pleasure and there was an accident to the beautiful great steamer and the Dude awoke one day to find himself in a strange place, scarcely bruised and all alone. He called his valet but there was no response. He wanted to lift his head and find out what it all meant. He had never lifted much of anything that was heavy and just now this head felt very heavy indeed. After a while, there being no valet, no servant, no friend in the neighborhood, the castaway concluded to see what he could do for himself—probably the first time in his life.

A real decision is generally all that is needed in any emergency, small or great. The Dude's vertebræ worked and the head came to perpendicular.

The scene that met his eyes was of the most desolate description—sea and sky and awful clouds. He had been dumped or washed up into soft sand and this accounted for the breath that was left in his body.

There was evidently something for Mr. Dude to do in this environment. He knew nothing of God except to take his name in vain when angry, as in smart company. He had never prayed since early childhood when his nurse taught him—"Now I lay me." This verse could hardly be called applicable to the present situation but it was all he knew and probably answered the purpose as well as another since the intention was all right. Even in prayer the Dude was obliged to have some one pray for him. He began to think, however, and this was something he had never done before. Men have been made in such crisis and manhood commenced to knock at the castaway's breast, in a manner which while not very satisfactory at the time, proved afterward his rescue from moral degradation and shipwreck.

The introduction of this incident is not to tell the story of a castaway but to show what we can do for ourselves under seemingly impossible circumstances.

It is doubtful if any experience less severe would have been strong enough to arouse this chronic leaner upon others to the knowledge that he could do anything for himself. With a cork and a valet he would have enjoyed any happening that did not verge too closely upon death. Then the outer man was only considered. Acquaintance with the stupendous things of the universe made the former selfish externalism seem very small indeed.

"But what did this man do for himself?" some one will perhaps ask. "And was there anything to do but to wait?"

He waited and he watched. He found something he didn't know he possessed and that was courage. This illumined the desolation as courage always does, no matter what kind of desolation, and there are many sorts. He uttered a prayer of his own after awhile and found rare comfort in it. He traversed the sands for miles and miles. He found some signs of previous castaways and at last came upon some present ones. Mr. Dude who had never been credited with grey matter was the brains of the party and by his brains they were all delivered.

Mr. Dude worked with his delicate hands and bereft of shoes and stockings

stood up bravely on his once patent-leathered feet, kept shining and dustless by the ever faithful valet.

This was a great deal for a once helpless Dude to do and plainly shows that the real or spiritual man is made in the image and likeness of God; and though it seems to shine forth but seldom in the countenances and actions of men, it is there all the time and will ultimately reveal itself. The word ultimately means a great deal and sometimes has a very discouraging sound to those who see the need of development for those they love and are impatient of waiting. But they can take heart of grace, for it has got to be. There is comfort in ultimately whether one is able to recognize it or not, for it points to a sure time—some time.

One of the greatest hindrances to a quick ultimately is the leaning habit. This is as bad for the human post as it is for the leaner because the individuality which should be the sacred, active posession of every child of God is crowded out by the constant friction and responsibility of another life. The person who assumes such responsibility is utterly ignorant of his own divine privileges, and the person who leans is in the same stagnant predicament.

It is a pitiful truth but many lives are rendered comparatively useless and so of course unhappy by over-officious mothers and a plentitude of music. "Officious" may seem a strange and disrespectful adjective to apply to a fond parent, but it really expresses the situation as no other word can. It sometimes seems surprising how much capability even a very young child will show when wisely and lovingly guided. A noted scientist said of his little son eight years old—"In much that pertains to quick thinking and acting, my boy is ahead of his father and I have been his teacher."

When asked how such proficiency was possible he replied—"Because of liberty. The lad was never thwarted in any legitimate thing he wanted to do and he was always taught how to do it correctly. With the proper education in childhood there need never be an incapable man or woman," he added with a conviction born of scientific training, "neither a lazy nor a depraved one. To know how to do things ourselves fosters a love for work. Again that boy was never waited on and that is the biggest plank in the platform of bringing up children.

It may be remarked that all boys do not have scientists for fathers. That is very true, nor patient women for mothers, and when we take into consideration that every baby is born with a God-given desire to do something for itself, we are certainly confronted by the fact that ignorance is the cause of a very large percentage of existing troubles. The baby reaches out for tools to do something with. That is the little one's point—to *do* something. He may desire a gold watch, a glass dish or the carving knife, but do something he must. It isn't what you want him to do but what he wants to do himself. To substitute something for the articles he covets which will fill the irrepressible and legitimate longing is a work requiring the very mother tincture of patience and intelligence. In these crises slapped fingers and shakings implant a mutinous influence, the effect of which is far-reaching.

So we see that when a baby cries for impossible cutlery and bric-a-brac he is starting to fulfill the law of taste and preference as well as of usefulness. He isn't bad because he wants something that in his then state of development he must not have.

The all of any of us is our individuality and much that the race suffers from is the perversion of this all in childhood. If it cannot develop on divine lines it will do the best it can for itself on other lines, for do something it must.

Individuality is deathless and always very busy.

A Dude Castaway would be an impossibility if the child were properly instructed.

Mrs. Green

KNOWLEDGE.

Would you believe in Presences Unseen—
In life beyond this earthly life? BE STILL:
Be stiller yet; and listen. Set the screen
Of silence as the portal of your will.
Relax, and let the world go by unheard.
And seal your lips with some all-sacred word.

Breathe "God," in any tongue—it means the same;
LOVE ABSOLUTE: Think, feel, absorb the thought;
Shut out all else; until a subtle flame
(A spark from God's creative centre caught)
Shall permeate your being, and shall glow,
Increasing in its splendor, till, YOU KNOW.

Not in a moment, or an hour, or day
The knowledge comes; the power is far too great,
To win in any desultory way;
No soul is worthy till it learns to wait.
Day after day be patient, then, oh, soul;
Month after month—till, lo! the goal! the goal!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WRITTEN FOR THE NAUTILUS.

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Chapter IX.

TATTVIC INFLUENCES: TEJAS, THE FIRE OF LIFE.

It is only natural and in perfect accord with the harmony which we observe throughout nature that the *Tattva* which puts us in happiest relations with the universe while we live on the terrestrial plane is the earth element, or *Prithivi.* Moreover, the fortunate influences of the *Tattvas* upon mundane life, decrease, according to Tantrik philosophy, in exact ratio to their remoteness from the terrestrial element; and the lower triplicity—*Prithivi, Apas,* and *Tejas*—work together with paramount influence upon human life—for good when harmoniously balanced, and for untold evil when misused. And this influence is not alone upon the gross plane in perfecting the physical body and maintaining the equability and harmonious functioning of all its organs, but also in subtler ways through the great sympathetic nervous system, which is the connecting link with exterior vibrations.

We are constanly lapped in an ocean of life-giving *Prana* flowing in full currents of rhythmic harmony from its solar center, but in diseased physical conditions these currents are beaten back, deflected as it were, by the antagonistic repulsion of the discordant vibrations holding sway over the body and surrounding it with their unwholesome atmosphere. Thus, the universe of matter, to our vision unmanifested, surrounds us. We choose from it what we will!

If we desire harmony and poise, we must *think* of harmony and poise, for such vibrations do not impinge upon either physical or mental states of heat and excitement or depression and worry.

Here is the place to protest emphatically against the false logic which argues that there is no deep feeling, no earnestness, unless it expresses itself with passion and excitement, and defends the strenuous life as the only progressive life of deeds and accomplishment. At this particular epoch of racial evolution, especially as expressed in American life, the influence of this sophistical denunciation of the good, the true, and the beautiful in defence of the bad, the wrong, and the hideous is deplorable. The intemperance of living which it advocates and extols is a national menace, for it affects men and women mentally and morally as well as physically; and characters deteriorate even faster than physiques under the iniquitous strain after success at any cost.

You will learn in this study of self-development—that is, soul growth—through self-control that all great forces, working harmoniously to a given end, come out of the silence; just as Admiral Togo's fleet sailed out of the silent mist on that memorable May morning in the Tsushima Straits, and gave such an exhibition of conserved power as the world never before witnessed. All that this wonderful self-contained nation, Dai Nippon, has accomplished is an object-lesson of superbly controlled force. She is unlikely to fulfill any of the dire Western prophecies of "yellow peril" —fear of which exists only in the strenuous imaginations that picture the possibilities of power *misused*—for Nippon's *samurai* spirit is not predatory.

Those who understand how deeply *bushido* influences the national life realize that Japan has in this word not merely enlarged the universal vocabulary of expressive, high-thought symbols, but that she has given to the world

an exalted, ethical standard of character. *Bushido,* "the Soul of Nippon," implies the spirit of discipline and sacrifice, of gentleness and firmness, of honor and integrity, of heroic endurance and chivalry. All that the Western world can teach Japan of material progress is elevated and transmuted through *bushido* into something which the average Western mind — the commercial, How-much-can-you-get-for-it ? mind — cannot comprehend; in which, therefore, danger is scented.

But the whole secret is that the Nipponese have never lost touch with Nature. They have kept close to the soul of things, to the heart of the universe, with senses trained to consciousness of the nearness of the spiritual plane, which the Western people have blindly ignored, when not denied, in their headlong pursuit of things material.

We who have worked so hard and made such tremendous sacrifices of the best things, the real prizes in life, pursuing wrong roads leading to precipices or blind alleys and forming wrong habits of thinking and doing, must now go into the silence to find our moral as well as physical equilibrium; to discover the right path leading to rational living and thinking and the forming of normal, harmonious habits.

It is in the stillness that we give the rhythmic breath of life (ever offering its healing, restorative power) an opportunity to overcome the antagonistic, disordered vibrations in our bodies, and draw into synchronous movement—that is, vibration—all the rebellious atoms and molecules which have been setting up independent republics, all warring against one another. The state we woo is inward and individual, and not dependent upon exterior silence although aided by it. As the delicious calm of this stillness in which we try to enwrap ourselves makes its presence felt, a poise and serenity flows over and through us, penetrating every fiber of our beings and restoring confidence and power; but few, even when rejoicing in this new-found strength, attempt to analyze its source. It is the magnetism generated by the rhythmic current of *Prana,* which, sweeping through every channel, imparts corresponding motion to every atom, as a great tidal stream sweeps through its estuaries with irresistible force, carrying all obstructions before it, and compels every molecule of water to flow in the same direction.

The rhythmic current of *Prana* coming under the control of the soul-centered will thus affects for good the whole being. When practicing the breathing exercises and endeavoring to concentrate the mind upon a given center or subject causes physical disturbance, it is because this control has *not been gained.* The disturbance is open revolt against control and order. Not struggling but letting-go is necessary. Retire to the silence of the soul on the heights of your being, and reflect its calm upon the mind. Downward, to those rebellious physical atoms the reflection must pass on. It is the unchangeable law.

The figure of man, standing with outstretched arms, epitomizes from his crown to his toes predominant *Tattvic* influences in the exact order of their evolution. *Akasha* is prevalent in the head which is raised heavenward. Out of this *Akashic* bowl of mentality comes whatever of good or evil *our consciousness mixes there,* to be reflected upon the physical plane, and affect for weal or woe ourselves and our fellows; for none can live to himself. *Vayu* has its keenest vibrations in those extended fingers; *Tejas* is extremely active throughout the torso, and has more centers of dominant influence there than any other *Tattva; Apas* is influential in the knees; and *Prithivi,* predominating in the soles of the feet, maintains man's gravity as his feet press Mother Earth and meet her sympathetic vibrations.

The intimate relations of *Tejas* with the vital organs, so compactly fitting the

one to the other in the torso, makes the rhythmic flow of this *Tattva* in its divinely assigned proportions of paramount importance to both health and happiness. Not only does it maintain the normal heat of the body, with centers of great activity in the sacral and solar plexuses and between the shoulders, but it presides over digestion and distributes the renewing nutrient juices throughout the system. In disturbed conditions it destroys its own work. The positive phase of *Tejas* is manifested in the stomach and its negative phase in the duodenum. Its prevalence in digestion explains the close sympathy between the stomach and brain; for as *Tejas* stimulates the optic nerves, it has at all times a strong influence upon thoughts, and correspondingly suffers as strong a re-action from them. Indeed, no other *Tattva* is so quickly affected by every mental disturbance.

The Hindu god of fire—that is, the power or force in this element, the luminiferous ether—is called *"Agni,"* and this word is frequently used interchangeably with *Tejas* to signify the same element; though, in some of the Upanishads the distinction is made of naming heat or fire *"Agni,"* and light *"Tejas."* The god *"Agni* is represented with seven tongues, which doubtless symbolize the seven permutations of the *Tattva.* There are many references in the *Upanishads* to *Agni* as "the fire within by which the foods are cooked." The student is bade to stop his ears and meditate upon the throbbing he hears within which he should recognize as the noise of *Agni's* activity; and also as tangible proof of the life and light within which are one with the Spirit Divine, in very truth, not figuratively, omnipresent. On the approach of death this inward noise ceases. The forces of life are withdrawing.

Agni is the name of various plants, among them *Citrus acidus* (lemon) and *Plumbago Zeylanica,* a member of the leadwort family. Other plants are called *"Tejas;"* among them several scarlet-flowered ones; and were we to make a careful examination of these plants we should doubtless find they all possess some pungent or heating property. The fibrous aril of the nutmeg, known to commerce as "mace," betrays in its red color and its fiery pungency its affinity with *Tejas,* the taste of which is pungent. *Tejas* is closely associated with minerals, and during its flow, according to *Tattvic* philosophy, the thought of minerals and quadrupeds rises in the mind. Gastric juice, lymph, bile, and marrow are in Sanskrit called either *"agni"* or *"tejas."* When people are "cold to the marrow of their bones," something is wrong with *Tejas.*

In all hot disputes and excitement *Tejas* vibrations are disordered and increased; and in excess it becomes the instigator of the most diabolic crimes, blindfolding reason and shackling self-control. In Sanskrit, impatience and inability to put up with inconvenience (general cantankerousness as it were) are called *"tejas."* The word identifies the sharp edge of a knife, as also the point of a flame; and all brilliant, dazzling, glowing, flaring things are known as *tejas.*

I believe the *Tejas Tattva* to be the chief force employed in all intense, effective, organizing thought; and also the space-annihilating vibration which is the mysterious agent in thought transference, and which transports us mentally from New York to Tokyo at a speed that leaves Puck a laggard. This conjecture is corroborated by the fact that the Sanskrit name for the brain is *tejas.* The concentration in the brain of this radiant, disintegrating and transforming force in a state of great activity would account for the vast discrepancy between the fatigue effects of mental and physical exertion. It is well known that the breaking down of tissue in the brain during intense application is so rapid that three hours of brain-work is as great a drain upon the physical forces as a whole day of manual labor.

A logical diagnosis of rheumatism by the *Tattvic* law explains its cause as an excess of *Vayu* and a decrease of *Apas* vibrations causing extreme acidity of all the secretions and excretions of the body. The intense suffering in the bony structure arises from the pressure upon these vibrations of the cohesive *Prithivi Tattva;* and the relief which

hot baths and inunctions of pungent oils afford is due to the expansion of the luminiferous ether, the flow of *Tejas* being thus accelerated and encouraged.

For some years before radium was discovered, the miners working in large Montana mines were familiar with a strange mineral which they were positive possessed curative properties. They called it "Medicine ore" and "rheumatism rock;" and they carried bits of it in their pockets believing it a positive cure for kidney and stomach troubles, "miner's consumption," rheumatism, and some nervous disorders. The mineral emits phosphorescent light under slight friction, but there is absolutely no perceptible heat in it, and the radiance is most brilliant under water.

When radium was discovered, it occurred to one of the miners that the "rheumatism rock" might contain the rare new element, and he induced some Butte chemists to examine it. Careful tests and analysis disclosed a trace of radio-activity, and the mineral has been named "radiumite;" but no one can account for its strange medicinal virtues, which have been substantiated by many experiments under the close observation of a prominent Butte physician. It is of course an igneous rock aglow with subtle *Tejas* vibrations, which explains clearly and scientifically its magical, curative and invigorating properties. To the underground worker especially is it a blessed boon, supplying him with the life element of which his deprivation of sunshine and light robs him.

You see it is of vast importance to human well-being that the balance of the *Tattvas* be maintained and this is the remedial office of alternate breathing.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

If one would take thy coat—hear my decree—
Give him thy cloak as well; if on one cheek
He strike thee, turn the other; thus taught He,
The too meek Christ, to those who truth would seek.

On Calvary it bore fit fruit to men,
This fatal doctrine, this corrupt seed sown;
How many lives has it not wrecked since then?
The purest and the best the world has known.

We shall not found by the poor sacrifice
Of right to wrong God's kingdom on our earth.
Shall weakness and oppression be its price?
Or shall injustice give to justice birth?

Do we not clothe the Holocaust Divine
As other men? Shall not our suff'ring call
For vengeance, and our lives, both mine and thine
Are they not parts of the great cosmic all?

Give rather to thy God that inmost light;
That very heart of self that dwells in thee;
That which is due—to Caesar what is right;
For Caesar is thyself couldst thou but see.

MARCHESA F. ALLI-MACCARANI.

Written for THE NAUTILUS

Saving and Giving.

By Frederick Rosslyn.

Death has often disclosed the fact that a man whose life had been passed in apparent penury possessed great wealth. More frequently the grim unmasker of human pretence has shown that what seemed riches was merely the thin shell of precious metal covering the baser material beneath. An ostentatious charity during life is often followed by such a disclosure immediately after the philanthropist's death. He had reaped his little harvest of human praise while in the flesh, and had gained the reputation of being a man of wealth through his constant connection with public charities.

The greatest mistake made by the casual observers of mankind is to confound economy with penuriousness, for economy, as a rule, precedes almost every act of true generosity. In one of his earlier lectures, which carries one back to the days when conservative business men still used wafers and sprinkled their letters with sand, Emerson relates the following anecdote: "An opulent merchant in Boston was called on by a friend in behalf of a charity. At that time he was admonishing his clerk for using whole wafers instead of halves; the friend thought the circumstance unpropitious, but to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed five hundred dollars. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a wafer should present five hundred dollars to a charity; but the merchant said: 'It is by saving half-wafers and attending to such little things, that I have something to give now.' "

That a kind heart and an open hand in matters of real moment may be combined with a tightly closed fist at other times is well illustrated by the following anecdote of the late Marquis of Westminster. A clergyman, who had been in London to consult a doctor, was dining with him. "What did your physician advise?" asked the nobleman. "It's too absurd, my lord! Horse exercise." "Then why don't you take it?" "Because I have no horse and can't afford to buy one." "Have you a stable and a paddock?" "Yes, my lord." "Then I will give you a horse," said the marquis. The next day a groom rode up to the rectory leading a fine horse. The grateful parson offered the man a half-sovereign, but the groom declined to take more than sixpence, saying that it would be as much as his situation was worth if he did so. "But please, sir," he added, "give me twopence for the turn-pike-gate. His lordship told me to be sure and ask for the twopence."

If we recross the Atlantic Ocean, and go back to the time of our earliest and most famous philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, we will have another happy illustration of the man who is saving in trifles but liberal in great affairs. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was one of Poor Richard's favorite maxims; and he fully lived up to his own teachings on the subject of economy and perpetual thrift. Yet Philadelphia contains many enduring monuments to Franklin's generosity, libraries, hospitals, schools, and the great University of Pennsylvania. He saved in order that he might give, and he gave, when the time came with an open hand.

Another famous man who could be both miserly and munificent was Doctor Radcliffe, who was successsively physician to Queen Anne and William III. He was a great benefactor of Oxford University, where he established the li-

brary still called by his name. It is said to have caused him keen suffering even to pay a tradesman's bill, and yet the doctor could on occasion be both liberal and magnanimous. When another physician, named Drake, a hated rival of his, was broken in circumstances he gave fifty pounds to a lady for him. "Let him," said the donor, "by no means be told whence it comes. He has often done his best to hurt me; he could, therefore, by no means take the receipt of a benefit from a person whom he had used all possible means to make an enemy."

So much for men and their thrift, and now let us turn to the other sex. That women have no sense of the value of money, is an old and popular fallacy. It is a belief that has obtained among the men of many races, and of all time! Satirists have depicted her as holding a bottomless purse, which the unfortunate man of her choice is expected to keep filled. She spends for the mere pleasure of spending, and cares not what she buys; self-adornment being one cause of her extravagant outlay, but only one. This word-picture of woman and her ways has been accepted by countless generations of men, but its truth in any one age of the world may well be questioned. For along with the assertion of her extravagance, goes the counter-assertion that she is inclined to be miserly. Do not men constantly complain that a woman can never be induced to pay for anything so long as there is a man willing and able to take the money from his own pocket?

The late Professor Blouet, who became so widely known in America under the *non-de-guerre* of "Max O'Rell," attributed the increase of marriage among the younger generation of Frenchmen to the discovery on their part, that a wife helped her husband to save his money. It was a subject on which the general humorist could be both wise and witty, and he returned to it again and again. And as he wrote very largely for the multitude of readers he had found in the United States, it may be that he wished to impress these facts on the women of that country.

Scotch women, too, are famous household economists. The author of "How to be Happy Though Married" relates many anecdotes of their thrift both before and after marriage. And he quotes with approval the following passage from another writer: "It is awfully hard to be untrue to a Scotch woman. She makes you so very comfortable, and holds you to her not so much by your heart as by your bank account. She doesn't always want new bonnets; she is rather liable to object even to your having a new hat until the old one is quite worn out. A Scotch wife can keep her husband neat and trim, and herself and her children as well, at a smaller expense than any others. She doesn't want diamond earrings for her birthday. All you have to do is to show her your bank book and kiss her and tell her you owe the big balance to her, and she is quite satisfied."

But will not this, or something very like this, hold good of many an American wife as well? "Max O'Rell" who never tired of praising the beauty, intelligence and fascination of the women of the United States, questioned their fitness for household management. He thought them wasteful and extravagant, and he did not seek to disguise the fact. But Professor Blouet viewed American society largely from the surface, as a man who is traveling rapidly from place to place is forced to do. If he had looked closer, perhaps he would have reversed his judgment. At any rate, the lives of many of our most successful public and business men seem to show that their wives were important factors in the building up of their fortunes.

Little Stories from Real Life.

L. A. BOW.

If people could only realize the value of the Force there is in them how much sooner they would attain their desires. If we would only be true to ourselves. I know three people, friends of mine, who have used that Force, whether consciously or unconsciously, to their great advantage in a financial way.

One, a young girl, despised farm life and went to a large city to earn her living. She had no preparation but a common school education and a good strong character with a *desire to do right.* She worked at this, that and the other, and made enough to pay her board, and finally met a telegraph operator who was earning a good salary and who would step to a higher position in a couple of months. He offered to teach her telegraphy at the office during dull hours. "I'll learn it and be mighty glad," she said, "but I am going to work for your place." "You will have to see the superintendent of the road for that," he plied. Nothing daunted, she, an unknown country girl, presented herself to the division superintendent of one of the big railroad systems. He talked with her, probably interested on account of her unusual request, and found out that he had lived near them when a boy, knew her father and all about her family. He readily promised her all the personal assistance he could give *and* the position, then and there sitting down and giving her a lesson on one of the instruments. People say, "O, of course, she had such a pull it got her the job." No, it was the *push* she had that got it.

I knew a woman who returned to her city of adoption and to her business of stenography. Before opening an office she called on a few former business friends, who advised her to accept a good position. When one of those in whom she had great confidence also advised this, she did some hard thinking and finally said: "No, I would rather have my own office and feel independent and *fail,* than to work on the finest kind of a salary basis. I don't expect to fail, though." She opened an office, at an expense of about $100 and made about $40 the first month, during the second month she made about $80. And a great event occurred that month for she found Mental Science. Early in the third month she was asked if she would undertake a very long, difficult case. "Yes," she said, "I will undertake anything that is presented to me that I want." In three months she received a check for a little less than $1,200 for that piece of work.

The last, is a dressmaker, a modiste. She had learned her business well, was honest and industrious, but somehow she did not prosper. Customers would not pay promptly, or didn't pay at all, she began to get in debt, and was growing more discouraged and irritable every day. A friend who saw her about that time says she was frowsy, homely, cross-grained, and looked like a fat bag of meal tied in the middle. When things were at their blackest she "happened" to get hold of a course of lessons in Mental Science. She says it acted like an electric battery on her. She accepted the theory, went straight down town and rented some fine rooms, went in debt $1,000, fitting them up, hired a small force of good seamstresses and started them at work making *herself* some stylish handsome clothes. She says she walked on air in those days thinking of the lovely things she would do and be. She was an immediate and entire success, and now has a large establishment, doing only the headwork and running things on a strictly business basis. I can scarcely imagine that she ever appeared homely or unprosperous, so good to look upon is she now.

A Little Journey and the Roycroft Convention.

By William E. Towne.

"I tell you, mother, I gave that trunk key to *you* yesterday," said Chester.

"I *told* you to give that key to William and have him put it on his key-ring," said Elizabeth.

Gene, the carriage man from Laporte's, grinned and I tried half a dozen keys in succession without finding the right one. Then I descended to the floor below and made a hasty search (for the second time) through my desk.

A reassuring whistle sounded from above and I returned thither to find that the missing key had been found in Elizabeth's purse.

We were saved—from missing the 7.10 a. m. train to Springfield.

This took place on the morning of June 30. We were just starting for the Roycroft convention at the home of the Philistines, those "plain farmer folk," who live and work under the direction of Elbert Hubbard, in East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

We had been threatening for lo these many years to visit the Roycroft shops, and this being the occasion of the annual convention of the Immortals (it costs $10 to be an immortal. Hubbard will tell you how) we decided to take a week's vacation and invade and investigate the jealously guarded precincts of Philistia and reveal some of their secrets—perchance—to the readers of *The Nautilus.*

For two days previous to starting on our journey the mercury had been sporting around eighty-two degrees in the shade, or even higher, but the morning of the 30th seemed a little cooler. The sun obligingly kept behind a cloud a good share of the time, and we found it quite comfortable riding through the beautiful green hills of the Berkshires on our way to Albany.

At Albany we changed cars and got aboard the fast mail train for Buffalo. It was now past noon and the train was so crowded that we stood in line over half an hour before we could get into the dining car.

At Albany it was hot and moist but a little later in the afternoon the cooling winds from the great lakes struck in and we were as comfortable as cucumbers.

All the afternoon we rode through beautiful, fertile, rolling farm lands, covered with heavy crops of hay, grain and fruit. In many places we noted the barns had old-fashioned gambrel roofs, something that is not now very common in New England.

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As we were nearing East Aurora we overheard a conversation between a young lady—evidently a native of the town—and one of the Pilgrims bound for Philistia. The young lady was enlightening the Pilgrim as to the nature of the town. "Of course," said she, "the Roycroft shops are there, but *outside* of that you will find East Aurora a very nice, quiet little place."

* * * * *

During the week that we spent at the convention I talked with dozens of men and women, from the far West and from foreign lands as well as those who lived near East Aurora, and not one expressed himself as other than highly pleased with the place and with the atmosphere which surrounded it. Everyone was sorry to leave. Many of the people there had attended the Roycroft dinners reg-

ularly for two, three, four or six years.

It is safe to say that no one could be disappointed in the Roycroft buildings or grounds. They are artistic and pleasing in the highest degree. The inn consists of two long, low buildings, connected at the back by the dining room and on the front by a broad porch. The porch roof is upheld by plain square pillars. All the lines of the building are exceedingly simple. As you enter the inn you look down a long room, finished throughout in hard wood, with a staircase at the end mounting to the second story. The windows are the Roycroftie kind, not too many of them, and they are hung with colored madras curtains, through which filters a soft, subdued light that at once soothes the visitor and puts him in a receptive mood, as it would if he were to enter a church.

But the Roycroft inn is not a church. Oh, no! On the hard wood floor are scattered great numbers of Navajo and home-made rugs. Overhead the great hewn cross beams and rafters show as rough as in a country barn, except that they have been stained a dark color to correspond with the rest of the room.

At the right of the entrance is a piano on which, at divers times during the day, sweet music greets the incoming visitors.

At the sides of the room are tables on which one may find, at any time, pen, ink, Roycroft stationery and souvenir postal cards for the benefit of guests.

At the desk one may find a clean, wholesome girl with a Roycroft smile, or a tall, long-haired youth of artistic temperament. Willing boys, minus coat and vest, take your baggage and escort you to your room in the most cordial, kindly manner possible. Many of the incoming busses are met by Mr. Hubbard himself, always dressed in corduroy pants and gray flannel shirt, with a black tie, and minus coat, vest and hat. The visitors are made to feel as if they were entering a great home where everyone was glad to see them and to meet them. That wonderful Roycroft spirit of comradeship, health, jollity and good will is omnipresent.

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At all hours of the day, when no meetings are in progress, groups of people may be seen in the office (which is also a reception room) and on the porch, chatting in the most cordial manner like one great family. It cannot be denied that the Roycroft spirit is a very tangible thing and much in evidence. Nowhere else have I seen it manifested, in even a small gathering, to such an extent as here. Comradeship and good-will and pure enjoyment are in the atmosphere and everyone responds.

* * * * *

And such a cosmopolitan gathering as one finds at the inn.

Here is a dear bald-headed old fellow by the name of Cotton—no, Cottam, that's it—who hails from Canada. A very charming chap he is to meet, "don cher know," and he makes smooth and glad the pathway of many a new arrival.

Over there is a bright young fellow of eighteen who has lived on a farm in Georgia all his life, and never been a hundred miles from home before. The attraction of the Roycroft spirit was such that he willingly came over twelve hundred miles to partake of it.

Another man had come all the way from England. He said he had just three weeks for his vacation and that he thought he could not spend it better than to come to this convention. This was the one thing in America that drew him here and claimed his attention. One woman came from South Dakota. Her friends felt about her somewhat as Daniel's friends must have felt when he entered the den of lions, for none of them were readers of the Philistine. Yet so strong was the attraction of the Roycroft

idea that she gladly came all this distance alone, simply to see the place and meet and mingle with the Philistines.

Another woman came from Indian Territory.

"This is a feast to me," said the boy from Georgia, and so they all seemed to feel.

* * * * *

Most of the talks were given in the chapel, a beautiful stone structure, built in the Roycroft style of trimmed boulders and located on the opposite side of the street a little above the inn. The interior of the chapel is hung with costly paintings by Alexis Fournier, and here, too, we have the soft, dim light that prevails in the inn. At one end there is a speakers' platform and the omnipresent piano. The seats are plain Roycroft benches of hard (I may say exceedingly hard) wood.

In one end of the chapel, separated by a wall from the auditorium, you will find the "sacred nine" girls who do much of the hand illuminating work, free-hand drawing, etc. These girls work at tables, each table at a window, and in the center of each table you can always find a vase of flowers.

* * * * *

Art, like the piano, is omnipresent at Roycroft. Indeed, if I were to criticise the place I might say that art is almost too much in evidence, that it assumes such large proportions at times as to almost tip the scales on the wrong side of stability and the great realities of life. All art is a studied appeal to the emotions. This is all right in itself, for the emotions are like unto the steam which runs the engine. But too much steam may lead to disintegration, and too much emotion may destroy the perfect poise of even a well-balanced mind.

You enter the softly lighted reception room at the inn, and are at once soothed into a receptive mood by all your surroundings. You attend a lecture at the chapel. Here the effect of the soft light is further enhanced by beautiful paintings, and sweet music. Mr. Hubbard arises and makes his strong, sensible, humorous, unique, sometimes pathetic and always emotional address direct to the heart and mind of his audience. No wonder it strikes home amid such surroundings.

"Life is fluid," says Mr. Hubbard, and it is not strange if some of the more susceptible emerge from the chapel drenched and dripping with the life which the speaker has set in motion.

But if Hubbard arouses the emotions he is a master at directing them in eminently useful, sane and healthy channels. There is no fear of hell, no threat of vengeance in his philosophy. Instead there is the ever-present NOW, doing your work as well as you can and making it an expression of yourself, and over all, kindness and good will.

"The love that you liberate in your work is the only love you keep," is a favorite Roycroft motto, cut deep in one of the large oaken doors at the inn.

I may say in passing that Roycroft art is the kind that stays very close to nature. It is simple, hence wholesome and of necessity beautiful in a real and lasting way.

* * * * *

The interior of the shop is as clean and neat as the interior of the inn. No dust, dirt or grease is to be found there. No unused tools or material litter table or floor out of working hours.

The rooms inside the shop are finished throughout in hard wood, most of which is smooth and stained.

If a worker is late no one reprimands him. If too many workers are repeatedly late, a notice goes up on the bulletin board as follows:

EVERYBODY PLEASE
BE ON TIME.

If the girls and boys get to visiting in a neighboring room more than they should, something like this is posted, the lettering being Roycroftie:

IF YOU HAVE BUSINESS IN THIS ROOM, ALL RIGHT. IF NOT, SKIDOO.

These methods seem effective in pro-

moting law and order among the Philistines. The days that I visited the shop I found an army of busy workers, each engaged in his or her especial task, and I could not see that there was any more idling or time-killing than one would find in any establishment of similar size and where each worker is continually under the eye of a "boss."

* * * * *

In writing of the Philistines I must not forget Ali Baba, "Rev. Ali Baba," as the sign reads on the door of his "study," which is in the stable.

Ali Baba is sixty-seven years young, and has never been outside of Erie county where he was born. He is, as he himself modestiy observes when in a confidential mood, "a hell of a feller."

Ali Baba is king of the cow barn. Everything under his care thrives. He knows his business. It is true, as someone has written, that Baba "resembles a man who, if he were kicked and found it out, would distribute trouble," yet he has a kindly heart.

Every visitor to Philistia calls on Ali Baba at the barn before leaving East Aurora.

He is glad to show you Mr. Hubbard's horse, Garnet, who has never felt the weight of a whip and does not even blink her eyes when you snap a whip within twelve inches of her head. She is absolutely without fear.

Ali Baba will also take you into his "study" and call your attention to the famous sayings by himself, posted upon the wall. Then he will draw out a wooden box and exhibit with pride a lot of toasts and verses which have been sent to him by famous visitors to Roycroft.

Ali says that he is not guilty of all the famous sayings which have been attributed to him. Whenever there are some especially strong items for the Philistine that no one cares to father, they are credited to Ali Baba.

If in an especially talkative mood the Ali will tell you how, when the Hubbard boys began to arrive quite plentifully and "Sandy" followed Ralph in a year and a few months, he (Ali) took Ralph from the nurse girls, with the full permission of his mother, carried him to the barn and thereafter assumed practical charge of him for sometime. He will tell you, with the greatest pride, what a smart boy he has grown to be and how the world will hear from him some day.

* * * * *

On a quiet Sabbath morning we arose early to take our departure from Roycroft. No one was at the desk when we came down, but they soon came trooping in. The curly-headed artist and one of the helpers brought our trunk down and deposited it on the sidewalk. The man who drove the bus was already at the station to meet an early train and on his return, as he was driving past the inn to the barn, the artist hailed him but he did not stop. Mr. Comstock seized a bicycle and started for the barn. Meanwhile it was very close to train time and anywhere but at East Aurora we would have been getting nervous. Mr. Comstock came back with the information that the bus driver absolutely refused to meet that particular train. He had a written document from Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard showing what trains he was expected to meet, and refused to take verbal orders from anyone else. The fact that there were four people and a trunk waiting to go out on that particular train was a matter of supreme indifference to him. Miss Peters, the girl behind the desk, being possessed of a great deal of decision and a splendid backbone, started off post haste for the barn, declaring that she would make them harness the horses and if no one else would drive them she would do so herself. But it was now very close to train time, so we started for the station on foot. The artist rustled up a hand cart, loaded in our trunk and ran ahead to the train, remarking as he passed us that we were getting ahead of the red tape. Whether or not Miss Peters succeeded in getting a team I do not know, but I'll bet ten cents that the next time anyone wants to leave the inn for that particular train the bus driver will be meekly waiting to take him to the station.

Convention Echoes.

By William E. Towne.

* * * We arrived at Roycroft Sunday evening. On Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Towne gave a "Heart to Heart Talk" in the beautiful salon, to the many *Nautilus* readers who were present, and to as many others as cared to listen.

* * * This salon deserves more than a brief mention, but space is getting crowded. The room is fifty feet long by thirty in width, and there is also a large alcove containing the grand piano and wide, leather cushioned seats. The floor is of oak, stained to a greenish cast and highly polished. It is innocent of rugs of any sort. The walls are panelled with oak to a height of about six feet, and above that is a series of beautiful mural paintings, by the celebrated French artist, Alexis Fournier, which extend completely around the room. Not only are there no rugs on the floor but there are no curtains or hanging pictures upon the walls. At one end stands a large, square Roycroft table, and around the sides of the room are plenty of wide, leather cushioned seats and Roycroft chairs. It is all very plain, very simple and harmonious, yet nowhere at Roycroft is there such artistic perfection as here.

* * * There was nothing I enjoyed more while at Roycroft than my three little visits to the home of Elbert Hubbard II., who lives in a log house, set well back from the street, about one fourth mile from the inn. Here, with his young wife and five weeks' old daughter, Elbert II. lives as quietly as the many Roycroft visitors will permit. The house was planned entirely by these two young people, and built by the Roycroft workmen. Mrs. Hubbard says they found so much pleasure in building and planning this house that she would almost like to sell it and build another one. The hard wood logs of which the house is built were brought from a distance of ten miles. In one end of the living room is a large fireplace, built of native boulders. The house is finished inside with chestnut, stained dark, and simply furnished after the Roycroft style. Elbert II. is a very pleasant, quiet young fellow, of athletic build and bronzed by exposure to the open air. He works in the office at the shop, and spends his time after office hours and Sundays in his garden, which is quite extensive.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

To A. G. N..: If you had told whether it was practicing the alternate breathing or the held breath exercise that seems to affect unfavorably your heart's action, it would be easier to suggest a remedy. You evidently confound rhythmic breathing with the exercise to attain it—the means with the end. Voluntary alternate breathing *is not* rhythmic breathing. It is an exercise to restore the normal balance of the *Tattvas* and the two currents of *Prana,* the disturbance of which balance is the cause of all disease. In this exercise instead of interfering with the natural order "as Nature or God intended in taking the law out of his hands," we are doing our human best to restore that divine order, no function of life having been so misunderstood and neglected during centuries as the vital one of breathing.

The held-breath exercise is to gain *Pranayama;* that is, the control of *Prana* or the vital current, and this control strengthens the nerves, purifies the body and restores poise and confidence as nothing else can. If this exercise causes tumultuous heart-throbbing, you do not *get control,* and the symptoms are that the heart is over charged with one or the other current, the remedy for which is of course to change the current. The expert can tell at any moment which current is flowing, but the beginner can determine only by experiment. As the symptoms indicate effort, trying too hard, it is probable that the positive current is in excess; to remedy which, close the right nostril and inhale and exhale through the left, drawing long, deep breaths slowly. Relief should be almost immediate—after third or fourth breath; if it is not, reverse the breathing.

I think the cure of catarrh which the breathing exercises have effected for you outbalances the disturbance you have experienced. Another cause of the perceptible heart-throbbing is quite probably that you have surprised it with an unaccustomed labor due to the stimulation of the blood circulation through its oxygenation by deep breathing. This, too, can be quieted by alternating the breath-currents. It is the sovereign remedy in all crises of heart-failure.

Please remember that rhythmic breathing is deep, full, slow breathing which engages the whole lung, fills it from upper chest to the lowest cell in the lobe; and in the well-poised human being, (about one person in five hundred) Nature takes care of the regular alternation of the two currents.

Anent Books and Things.

—"Derolli's Astrological Annual" (price, 50 cents), is published by our old friend, Amos W. Rideout, of 74 Boylston st., Room 412, Boston, Mass.

—"The Curse of Race Prejudice" is a thoughtful consideration of the subject, by James F. Morton, Jr., A. M., 244 W. 143d St., New York. Paper, 78 pages; price, 25 cents.

—"The Living Universe" is one of Henry Wood's well written pamphlets, which are so good for inquirers in the new life. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston; price, 10 cents, or twelve for $1.00.

—"Evolution's Book of Revelations," is a neat and interesting little brochure by our bright friend, Col. L. W. Billingsley, near neighbor of William J. Bryan, at Lincoln, Neb. Price, 20 cents.

—Those interested in thought force, brain building, the development of inherent powers and every day psychology will like *Suggestion,* 4020 Drexel Blvd. Chicago. Send for a sample.

—"The Strange Story of Ahrinziman, Told by Himself," will please the lover of the occult in story form. And it will afford him (generally her!) a pretty full meal, being 274 pages long. Paper bound, no price given. Published by R. R. Donnelley & Sons' Co., Chicago.

—From the Nunc Licet Press, 42 W. Coulter St., Phila., comes a handsome little pale blue and gold and white-dove volume, "The Gospel of Love," by Rev. Edmund G. Moberly; cloth bound, 195 pages; price, $1.00. A lucid treatise, based upon Swedenborg's teachings.

—"The Past Revealed," by E. C. Gaffield, is "a series of revelations concerning the early scriptures." Well printed and bound in dark blue silk cloth and gold; 309 pages; Lothrop, Lee & Shepherd, publishers; no price given, probably $1.25. Well presented, of interest to the student of life and the Bible.

—Mr. Alexander Kerr, president of the Kerr Glass Company, of Portland, Ore., sent us a dozen "Economy jars," just to show us!—and because he has a fellow feeling for an Oregon girl in Massachusetts! Thank you, Mr. Webfoot. Our paragon is putting red raspberries in those jars, and they seal just as easy as anything.

—"Mrs. Alderman Casey," by Irene Stoddard Capwell, is a charming little volume of quaint experiences and ideas of the sensible Irish wife of "Alderman Casey," who has risen from day labor to Alderman. "Mrs. Casey's" views of life are as comical and as neatly expressed as the famous "Mr. Dooley's." This attractive little cloth bound volume contains 175 pages with dainty colored illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton. Price, 75 cents. R. F. Fenno & Co., publishers.

A Book of Power and Peace.

SAMUEL CHARLES SPALDING.

What would you do if you were told that amid all the arid waste of present day fiction there had recently welled up another spring of the veritable water of life, slender, but therefore only the more precious? What if you were told that it had not appeared as most of our literary springs do, only after much laborious delving and drilling and blasting, but mysteriously, more as if the barren stones which we are wont to find instead of the spiritual bread and drink we all crave, consciously or unconsciously, had suddenly been struck by some unseen hand, and the stream of refreshment had come forth?

Such a life-spring, such a book, is Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's little volume, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," recently published by the Scribner's and beautifully illustrated in colors by F. C. Yohn. It is a New Thought story, told with the few, sure, rapid, skillful, verbal touches of literary mastery, with an art which seems to make it say itself and a message that breaks through art and becomes inspiration, becomes healing, and reveals in power the new gospel for our faithless, jaded world.

And more, it implies that that gospel of the New Thought is not for the comparatively few, but for the many, for the squalor of a London slum as well as anywhere else.

Some of us have been wondering, with what reason I shall not pretend to say here, how much the New Thought can ever mean to the "submerged" among us so long as they remain, as now, the victims of the grossest and most astrocious social injustice. Would it not, we have said, seem to them under present conditions, only another palliative, another "pink pill?" Mrs. Burnett's book though it does not discuss the social problem at all, is a negative answer to this—in fiction, at least, and a wonderfully impressive one.

It describes the redemption, by means of an involuntary excursion into the social depths, of a great financier who, at the very acme of his success, is brought to the grim verge of suicide through overwork and the fear of a failing mind. In these social depths of London, he is carried irresistibly from one stirring experience to another until he is brought in that most unlikely place, face to face with the new gospel—the New Thought—in life and action.

But one has by no means derived all there is to be had from "The Dawn" unless one has heard of the manner of its composition. According to "Pendennis" in the *New York Times,* Mrs. Burnett set out with an altogether different set of characters, a different plot and a different name, to write a conventional Christmas story. Mrs. Burnett is reported as saying:

"'The Splendid Day,' as I had in mind, was a rather nice idea for a Christmas story. I had seen some little village urchins standing in a row in front of a modest shop window. To them that window was an El Dorado. Before I could reach them they disappeared, otherwise for two or three shillings I am quite sure I could have transported them to the seventh

heaven. This led me into thinking about the narrow margin that divides relative happiness, and I thought out a story, in which a young man with a few pounds scattered among the poor restores his own spirits. To him it would have been 'a splendid day.' Well, my publishers approve it, and it was settled. When I began actually to write, it took an entirely different form. Instead of a young man there came before me the tragic figure of a modern man, in his maturity, nerve-wrecked by the speed of his business career—about to commit suicide. It would be quite impossible to make it clear to a promiscuous public just how obstinately the story worked its way out, entirely away from the intentions with which I sat down to write it. I was almost startled by the clear-cut outlines of these characters that took shape so simply, so crisply, under my pen; and yet I had not seen them in my mind's eye until I began to write. I never had such an experience before, because I usually have an intellectual rein upon my work, and can direct my people according to my will. But here was something, proceeding rapidly, and with great joy in the doing, that I had never thought of before. Even the characters themselves would not appear to me, except at the moment of their necessity to the narrative.

"Then there came an interruption. I was ill for a while, and when I recovered the story became an intellectual labor. It lost the joy I had found in writing it, and I became more and more suspicious of its suitability to the public eye. In the midst of my doubts and analysis I came unexpectedly upon a verse in my Bible one evening that seemed peremptorily to command me to cease criticising and analyzing, but just to write on and on. Unusual as this influence was, so utterly apart from the usual intellectual perception of my work, I nevertheless blindly obeyed the order—and finished the entire story in a day. Even then I was not sure of its destiny till it was on the market."

When asked if she had theosophy in mind when writing "The Dawn," Mrs. Burnett is said to have answered:

"Why give it a name; why label it with any limited creed? I always objected to the tags that are handed around to identify members of the flock."

And when it was suggested that the book referred to Christian Science, she is represented as replying:

"If I were a Christian Scientist that might be, but I am not. I don't understand Christian Science entirely, although in the sense that Christian Science is an expression of the teachings of Christ I agree with it. Christ Himself never asked His followers what denomination they belonged to, and what race they came from, what creed they had learned. He promised them mansions in His Father's house, and He preached the love that passeth all understanding. He stilled the tumult of fear in the human heart, and He said, above all, love one another. I suppose fear is the great disturbing element of happiness, and the modern mania seems to be to increase the power of fear tenfold. Of what good can it be to tell us the harrowing details of how people were drowned, or burned. or horribly injured? It only fosters that arch enemy of happiness—fear. I never read a newspaper for that very reason. I am sure to find my sense of horror aroused, and that makes me afraid, and I am sure it is a mere panic to the mind, not information. What is there to fear if we once believe in some great power that is taking care of us like children?"

Altogether the book itself and the circumstances of its production are of unusual interest and significance, not only to those of the New Thought, who will find it a technically, admirable and strikingly dramatic expression of their own faith, but to all the "weary and heavy laden" of the modern world.

JOHN CALVIN AND DR. SAVAGE.

Dr. Minot J. Savage, the noted Unitarian-Spiritualist divine, attended the recent great gathering of Liberal Christians at Geneva, and preached from John Calvin's old pulpit.

Referring to this, he said:

"Three hundred and fifty years ago Servetus was burned by Calvin. A few weeks ago there stood in Calvin's pulpit and preached from his intellectual and religious throne a heretic beside whom all the beliefs of Servetus were exceedingly tame and mild. Does it not mean that the world is growing and becoming broader and more human and more civilized?"

The London Spiritualist weekly, *Light*, has this to say about it:

"He (Dr. Savage) even speculated that Calvin approved, and made up his fierce quarrel with the old-time heresy. A friend had asked him whether he did not think that his appearance in Calvin's pulpit had made Calvin turn over in his coffin. I think not, said Dr. Savage. He even suggested that he was out of his coffin altogether, and happily present. 'I think if Calvin was there,' he said, 'and I hope he was, that I may suppose he has changed his mind somewhat in the clearer light of another life and in the three hundred and fifty years that have passed; and, rather than think of him as turning over in his coffin, if he was there at all, I believe that he stood behind me and held out his hand over me in generous benediction. So, at any rate, I love to believe.'"

THINGS THAT MAKE FOR SUCCESS.

A Correspondence Department. *Conducted by the Editor.*

If you have discovered something that makes for success, or if you have seen some one find and surmount, or remove an obstacle to success, let us hear about it.

We hope to publish herein many bright thoughts from our readers, each over the name of the writer, unless a nom de plume is substituted.

Letters for this department, which must not be too long, should be plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and should not be mixed up with other matters of any description.

To the writer of the most helpful success letter published (as a whole or in part) in this department of each number of the magazine, we will send THE NAUTILUS for two years, to any address, or two addresses, he may designate.

To the writer of the best letter or portion of a letter printed in six months, we will send $5.00 in money, in addition to the subscriptions. Prize winners announced in number following publication of their letters.

—EDITOR.

Letter No. 25.

Having been raised a Methodist, "consecration to the will of God" was one of the first things I struggled for. Such passages as, "Lean not to thy own understanding, in all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths;" "Cast thy burden on the Lord and He will sustain thee," and many other precious promises gave me hope, some growth and demonstrations sufficient to prove that God is a God at hand, even if he may be also a big man away off on a big throne.

I knew I was ready in a message when the nearer and clearer language came to express the same principle. One must *let go* of the mortal, material, narrow, limited self ideas about how things are to come about, and know that when we lose our life we find it.

About six years ago I was passing through some cutting tests and these words, "Whatsoever you desire," etc., were with me constantly. I began to ask in the silence, what do I most desire? I let go—knowing there is a power that doeth all things well. I followed and time has proven exceeding abundant above what I knew to ask.

Being a natural lover of plant life I desired an opportunity to develope on that line, especially after having been closely associated with a lady who kept a number of plants ill shaped, half size and blooming but little. Seeing no visible prospect toward the fulfillment of that desire, did not discourage.

Again when the world's fair was at Chicago I could not attend, but the desire was born and was growing nicely when the great Louisiana Purchase Exposition was first mentioned. Was my desire fulfilled? As I stood at the top of the beautiful cascades in the month of October at the close of the fourth visit, amid the wealth of flowers untouched by frost, surrounded by three generations of our family, I turned to my parents and said, "I am ready for home in the morning." My desire was filled full.

I count these things "demonstrations."

And that isn't all—*I have enlarged desires.* He who is faithful in little will be faith-full in enlarged blessings. Betterment is the true name for happiness. To grow daily better satisfied with one's self in the universal consciousness is heaven in itself.

To practice honesty to one's self is the cornerstone. Shakespeare caught this inspiration: He who is true to himself is true to everyone; also agrees with his neighbor as himself.

Despise not the doing of small things. Do them *well.* Remember the little leaven and the widow's mite. To understand how to occupy the low seat will insure our promotion. The permanence of the finished structure depends greatly on its foundation. To be truly successful in all things one must know that the universe is big enough for all to succeed without pushing a hair's weight at another.—ANON.

Letter No. 26.

"There is really no insurmountable barrier save your own inherent weakness of purpose," says Emerson. So if we fail, it is through our own "weakness of purpose;" but on the other hand, desire and perseverance strongly persisted in, leads to success where success appears impossible. So best begin *now,* and take the immortal words of Napoleon for our motto: "We must either find a way to success or make one."—F. HORACE GONZALES.

Letter No. 27.

Obedience is one of the most valuable factors which "make for success." Obedience to the promptings of the Inner Spirit and in the following experience of mine is an illustration of my meaning. I lately sent for circulars of a firm and finding that the price of the article was ten dollars, which seemed too high, I passed them over to a friend and forgot the whole matter.

One day a friend telephoned me that know-

ing I wished this article he had made arrangements so that I might obtain one for just half price, provided I obtained a money order for him that very afternoon so he might conclude the bargain that day. I was both delighted and surprised, as I didn't recall mentioning my desire to this friend; it was late on a Saturday but I hurried down to the post office, knowing there was little time to lose.

A suggestion of four words from within was given me as I entered the building but it met with an immediate sniff of disgust from my "five per cent mind," and I hurried to the money order room; seizing a pen to make out the application I was dumbfounded. I positively did not know the name of the firm advertising the article, nor even the city wherein they were located.

Again the message which had been given me as I entered the floors returned to me, *"Inquire for a letter."* But what nonsense! All letters came to my home and I hadn't one moment to waste! No, the only thing to do was to 'phone my friend, find out the address and confess myself an utterly stupid creature.

I started to find the nearest telephone and for the third time came sharp, clear, distinct, *"Inquire for a letter."*

I have learned to obey, even if I *do* object sometimes, so with a groan of disgust I flung myself into line at the inquiry window and when my turn came, asked for a letter in the *meanest* way, for I was cross clear through!

Behold! one letter was given me, in an envelope which looked familiar! The desired address was within; it was from the firm in question who had addressed me at 22d ave., instead of 22d street, and it had lain there for a week!

My money order was secured and I left the building vowing *never* to be rebellious again!—EDITH M. RAYMOND, Denver, Col.

The best Success Letter for July was No. 20, by Grace Adriance, 461 Green Ave., Brooklyn. Will Grace please let us know where she wants her two subscriptions to go? Mabel Goode's letter was a close second.

And the $5.00 prize for the best Success Letter published in *Nautilus* in the six months ending with July number, goes to the writer of Letter No. 6, Garfield Inwood, Superintendent Public Schools, Vermontville, Mich. We send him the $5.00 with thanks and congratulations.

There is another $5.00 cash prize for the best Success Letter published in the next six months, beginning with this number.—E. T.

"Faith, absolute dogmatic faith, is the only law of true success."—Ralph Waldo Trine.

New Thought in the Kitchen

Conducted by R. M. FLETCHER BERRY.

Because of the manufacture of artificial ice whereby each small town may have its "plant," ice is now within the reach of everyone, at reasonable prices, no matter how far removed from conventional "civilization," and may be used with the happiest results if used as it should be. Iced drinks in general should be indulged in very sparingly indeed, ice water in particular, *never*. It does not quench thirst satisfactorily, whereas merely cool water *does*. The constant use of ice water is most pernicious in its effects upon the stomach, and as a habit it is hardly too extreme to consider it on a par with alcoholic bondage. Cool water may be drunk freely between meals but ice in drinks and foods should be judiciously used. Good, cool buttermilk, it should be mentioned here, is perhaps the best summer drink one can use. It is of itself cooling in effect and purifies the whole system.

We need a limited quantity of heat and energy producing foods in the heat of summer, but it is apt to be forgotten that ice creams, supposedly cooling, are ultimately heat-producers, and are solid foods. Frozen creams are so nourishing that in cases of stomach and intestinal trouble people have lived entirely on them for weeks at a time. Fat is furnished by the cream, also partly by the egg sometimes used, and protein is given by the milk and egg, so that it is readily seen why ice creams should not be used indiscriminately either in the middle of a meal or as a dessert. Ices are refreshing and cooling, the decided acids of most summer fruits having refrigerant qualities. But frozen desserts in general are more wholesome than hot ones in summer. The cook, whether hired or forced by circumstances to be in charge of this most responsible and scientific department of the household, should be considered. Ice has its unpleasant features, but it is preferable to the heat of the stove. An ice or ice cream takes no longer than a cooked preparation to concoct, and is rather less expensive as to material, with ice at ordinary prices. The variety in diet thereby afforded, and the cooling, strengthening forms such desserts may take are far more conducive to health of cook and family than most other forms of hot weather desserts or, broadly speaking, foods. Too great a quantity at a time should not be indulged in, and the ice should be eaten very slowly. A hot drink or hot sauce accompanying such a dish offsets danger of checking digestion (if eaten at the end of a meal).

Ginger, powdered, in liquid form, or candied, may be added on the same principle that some people sprinkle black pepper on frozen desserts. Ginger gives a pleasing flavor, but tends toward constipation, so may be used more wholesomely during the season of succulent vegetables.

Frozen desserts do not necessarily force upon one the turning of a freezer handle.

They may be packed in ice and set away. It depends upon the form of dainty one chooses. A granite, for instance, is a grained ice, the mixture prepared as for an ordinary ice, but set away without stirring until an hour has elapsed, then it is scraped from the sides of the freezer and repacked; the process repeated till frozen sufficiently. The grain of the resulting substance is coarser than the ordinary ice. A mousse (from the French word for moss) may be frozen in a manner approaching this—without the stirring, however. The distinctive feature of a mousse is its smoothness, one of its ingredients being either whipped cream or a little gelatine. If part of the cream used for any ice cream is scalded, it gives a smoother texture. With an ice which is simply packed—not stirred in the freezer, preparations must begin in sufficient time or the desired results will not be accomplished, as it requires from four hours upward for proper freezing.

BREAKFAST.

Berry Mush. Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON NO. 1.

Sandwiches of Nuts and Rye Bread. Canteloupe. (Or as a luncheon substitute Frozen Rice Pudding with Chocolate Sauce. Saltines.)

LUNCHEON NO. 2.

Vegetable Rice Soup. Saltines. Fruit Salad. Peach Ice. Bread and Butter.

DINNER.

Gumbo. Plain Boiled Rice. Cheese. Cucumber and Pepper Salad. Saltines. Bread and Butter. Watermelon Ice. Coffee.

SUPPER.

Scrambled Eggs or Hard Boiled Eggs Sliced on Cress. Bread and Butter. Peach Ice Cream. Cocoa.

Breakfast: Wash or stew a quart of blackberries or huckleberries with a very little water and a half cupful of farina. Cook in a double boiler three-quarters of an hour. Pour out into a wetted mold and let stand over night. Slice and serve with milk.

Luncheon No. 1—Frozen Rice Pudding: Wash three-fourths cupful of rice and place in double boiler, pouring over it a quart of boiling milk. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and a scant teaspoon of salt. Cook till perfectly tender, then stir in two well beaten eggs and stir for several minutes till the mixture has thickened. Remove and add a pint of cream; let cool and add flavoring. Freeze and serve with hot chocolate sauce. To each pint of milk used add the well beaten yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonsful (more or less as desired) of bitter chocolate. Sugar to taste and watch carefully, stirring till the sauce thickens, which will be but a few moments.

Luncheon No. 2: Vegetable Rice Soup need not be an objectionably hot affair. Use equal portions of cold boiled rice, cucumbers, tomatoes and onions. Peel and grate cucumbers; peel and chop onions and tomatoes and cover with two quarts of water. If a fire is to be used for other purposes let this simmer slowly for about two hours or shorten the process and use less water. When the vegetables are tender add salt and pepper to taste. This may be cooked the previous day, or out-of-doors, possibly, as soups should be in summer (!) and slightly re-heated before serving.

Fruit Salad: Take equal portions of cubes of cantaloupes and tomatoes and serve with whipped cream which has been thickened (beating the while) with a tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in water. When thickened add a little fruit juice of decided tone and serve with the salad on cress or endive with red currants or other red, small fruit.

Peach Ice: Make a syrup of a pound of sugar to a pint of water. When cool add a pint of pared, chopped peaches and freeze. (A little lemon juice may help to bring out the flavor).

Dinner—Gumbo: To two quarts of chopped okra add a dozen ripe tomatoes, a half pint lima beans, one each of thin sliced onion, turnip and carrot and a few sprigs of parsley. Cover with boiling water and cook slowly two hours when the okra should be mucilaginous, and serve. Season.

Salad: Over equal parts of chopped cucumber and sweet peppers sprinkle one-third the quantity of grated cheese. Serve with lemon juice and oil.

Watermelon Ice: Scrape fine the ripest of red watermelons, saving all the juice and adding possibly a little water (not enough to destroy the melon flavor). To each gallon of this add a pound of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Freeze. If a sherbet is preferred, when half frozen add the whipped whites of three eggs and complete the freezing.

Supper: If a hot dish is wished nothing is quicker or easier than scrambled eggs. For a cold supper substitute the sliced, cold, those hard boiled ones and cold, on cress or parsley.

Peach Ice Cream: This may be made rich and nourishing as well as delicious with the evaporated cream, using two cans (five cent size) to each quart of peaches (pared and mashed). Add a quantity of water equaling that of the cream, first boiling and cooling the water. Add three-fourths pound of sugar and place the mixture in the freezer. When partly frozen stir in the peaches and give the crank a few turns before setting it away.

"Each morning is a fresh beginning. We are, as it were, just beginning life. We have it entirely in our own hands, and when the morning with its fresh beginning comes, all yesterdays should be yesterdays with which we have nothing to do."

—Ralph Waldo Trine.

THE FAMILY COUNSEL.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A DEPARTMENT OF
CONSULTATION AND SUGGESTION.
CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH TOWNE.

In this department I will try to reply to the 1001 *odds and ends of life-problems and home interests which are presented to me, answers to which are not of general enough interest to make them suitable for the regular reading pages of The Nautilus. Every reader is welcome to what advice and suggestion I can give, and I sincerely hope that with the aid of this department we can reach and help many more people. Welcome, all!*—ELIZABETH TOWNE.

R. E. T.—Many people see the colors of names and letters of the alphabet, and some read character by the colors thus shown. But so far as I know, no one has put this color science into print. I have tried to get someone to write a series of articles on the subject, for *The Nautilus,* and I may have one soon.

B. M. L.—If your "inside mind," stops growling every time you tell it to why not stop it *every time* you catch it growling? Practice makes perfect, you know. Still the growler *every* time and you will soon find the growling mind transmuted. Meet growls with grins and graces! Silence the growler and then think over the good things you can find—*hunt* for the good things and then affirm them positively, with your "outside mind." By and by, if you are persistent, you will find your "inside mind" saying nice things instead of grumpy ones.

J. S.—You are gaining something better than riches! Rejoice in it and know the other things will follow. *Bear no ill will*—that would only handicap you!—as well as the recreant friend. Remember that if *he* understood good business he would not have made such a mess. *You both needed the same lesson.* Forgive as you would be forgiven. Then with a clean, free mind go in to win a better success than ever. *You will.* Health, happiness and success are yours. *You are on the right track and what you desire is yours.*

PUZZLED.—"What do you owe to the past?" The good lessons you have learned—nothing more. *And you have paid for those.* Close the books. Accept with joy the good things today is offering to you. Follow your own desires, not other people's. Let no foolish sentiment, either past or present, tangle you in its meshes. *Free yourself*—know that you *are* free—and go on. Remember that where "two are agreed as touching anything it shall be done unto them" if *they permit.* You certainly are over sensitive! Stand on your own two feet, marry the man you want, and trust foolish sentiments to melt away in the face of *your happiness.* If you were a young girl instead of a widow, if he were a new acquaintance instead of an old, old one, I'd counsel caution. As it is I say, *follow your faiths and not other people's fears.*

L. G. B.—*Do* the best you know, and faith will follow. Speak the Word, and *trust* the Word to reach its mark and do its work. The more good you *take for granted,* the quicker results you will have. You are on the right track; follow your own spirit and know that what you desire is yours, *unless your desire interferes with the freedom of choice of another individual.* In that case you will find your desire evolving, or reincarnating in another body. For instance, suppose you desire an ideal marriage *with a certain person,* and that person does not want you. Your desire for the ideal marriage will surely answer itself; but that *certain person* may be the wrong one. There is a soul and a body to every desire, and many times we get mixed as to the body. Accept what comes as *good,* and call it the *next step* in the direction of your desire. * * * Be glad you could sow the seed in another's life; but give the glory to the Universal Spirit *in you both.* And keep on sowing the seed, not for glory, but for the joy of doing it.

H. H. L.—He who is not willing to bear the ordinary doing "fool things," for the sake of following his own spirit will make slow growth! Go in to win and stick to it. When your friends laugh at you see you laugh *with* them and there will be no sting. *Make light,* MAKE LIGHT of things. You learn by fool things as well as by wise ones—sometimes better. Be a child and get fun—*and incidentally wisdom*—out of fool things. *Let yourself loose* and *know* that wholeness is yours. * * * Stick *to good hearing* until you realize it. Speak the Word for it every time you think of it, speak it positively and with all the faith and enthusiasm you can muster—*believe* that ye receive, and ye shall have. Stick to it that you *are* whole. Don't try to "keep it on your mind" though. Nothing is more fatal to good health or good hearing than keeping things on your mind. Even good things grow burdensome and enervating when kept on your mind. Speak the Word when you think of the thing naturally; then dismiss it all from your mind and get interested in the thing you find to do *now.* Turn heart, soul, and joy into that, and give the spirit a chance to work through you. And diet and fasting will help you to regain hearing. Why, there is an old man here in Massachusetts who is not a new thoughter at all, who lived a year on peanuts and bread, and found his hearing, sight, strength and youth all coming back again. *Very* plain food, very little of it and *well chewed* gives the body a chance to get rid of the clogging matter which for years we have been storing up by eating too much and chewing too little. If you want to know more of the philosophy and practice of cleaning the body begin with my "Practical Methods for Self-Development."

THE AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

We had a great time at the Roycroft convention, met lots of *Nautilus* readers and a lot more who said they were going to read it!

And we all helped organize and elect the charter members of the American Legion of Honor. This Legion is for recognition of living people, not dead ones, on the principle that "a carnation is worth more to a live man than a whole wreath to a dead one." Nobody gets into Helen Gould's Hall of Fame until he is at least ten years dead. The new Legion of Honor means to recognize the good works of living folks, thus inspiring them to greater deeds, besides waking others to emulation.

A jury of thirteen elected the first batch of people to be honored, and then resigned. Hereafter the Legion itself will elect its own members.

Such a time as the jury had deciding who was fit for the honor! Every name was challenged by somebody or other, and then somebody else had to show good cause why he should be elected to the honor. Our list kept growing and growing.

And there are more names I wanted to see there, one of whom was Mary Baker Eddy. I am no Christian Scientist, as you know, but I am not so color blind as to be unable to recognize Mary Eddy's work with the naked eye. A woman who has in a generation built the greatest church organization outside the Catholic (which has been 1900 years building), who has carried the message of health, joy and opulence to *millions* of Garcias, is entitled to a place in any Legion or Hall of Fame, whether she originated the message or not, or whether I accept her message or not. Me for Mary Eddy in the Legion of Honor.

And Fra Elburtus calls her the greatest woman in the world today.

But the jury of 13 wouldn't put her in! Most of them persisted in judging her by her theology and her faults, and the faults of the scientists they had met. And at the last somebody refused to believe she is a living woman! They had heard Mary Eddy is dead and another poses in her place. That settled it. Nobody but live ones for the Legion, and until Mary B. proves she's alive we leave her to Helen Gould's mercies. If she *is* alive she may be elected next year, or some other time.

Here are the names of those we did elect, after much discussion, as members of the American Legion of Honor: Charles W. Eliot, Booker T. Washington, Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Andrew Carnegie, John Burroughs, George H. Daniels, Frederick N. Finney, F. Hopkinson Smith, John J. Lentz, Clarence Darrow, Ernest Crosby, Theodore Roosevelt, Felix Adler, Thomas A. Edison, Ida Tarbell, Luther Burbank, Thomas J. Foster, R. M. La Follette, George J. Angell, Dr. J. H. Tilden, John Brashear, A. F. Sheldon, Nathan Straus, James J. Hill, Jane Addams, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Helen Gould, Clara Barton.

Do some of the names make you smile? Not entitled to the honor? So I thought —at first. But I found in most cases it was because I didn't know enough about their work and character. After Fra Elburtus and some others got through giving impromptu "Little Journeys" to some of them I decided they—and a good many others who didn't get elected but may later—were entitled to all the credit the Legion can give.

The women came pretty nearly getting left by the Legion! I was the only woman on the jury, and Mary B. Eddy was my nominee. Ida Tarbell was nominated by the only millionaire on the jury, on the ground that she began the sort of publicity work that is going to regulate millionaires into useful members of society. Somebody proposed that I resign and they'd put me in the Legion, and I said I'd be ashamed to go on ahead of Mary Eddy, whose work has so far reached more people, not to mention the church organization she has built. Then the men proposed Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Jane Addams, Clara Barton and Helen Gould, and we all voted aye. If Fra Elburtus hadn't put one woman on the jury I believe the women would have been forgotten entirely! Such is life and man! William said that, next to Mrs. Eddy, Mrs. Wilcox was his choice of all the candidates, since her work reaches so many people. If William had been on the jury we might have had honors for more women!

The Bee's Choice.

MAGLYN DUPREE.

A thistle by the roadside stood
With thorny leaf and dusty bloom.
The very weeds that round it grew
Drew back to give the thistle room.

No passerby but looked askance
And caught the glint of bristling leaf,
But missed the bloom the thistle held
Atop her thornset, dusty sheaf.

A bee came buzzing down the road
On honeyed mission gravely bent,
And scented on the passing breeze
The perfume by the thistle lent.

But searching only for the store
Of sweetness hid within her heart,
He missed the thistle's thornset leaf
That held the power to sting and smart.

NEW THOUGHT AND A HORSE.

Helen Paris Baldwin.

It is not always the New Thought people who are the best exponents of "letting go." For a practical and original application a Jewish peddler of St. Paul deserves the palm.

The peddler was driving down Third street, in the busiest wholesale district—with a wagon load of barrels, and when they reached Sibly, where the traffic is heaviest, the horse suddenly stopped, laid back his ears and planted his four feet firmly, as though nothing on earth could start him.

The man made one effort to inspire the steed, then throwing the lines down jumped to the pavement and entered the first store, leaving the horse standing alone in the street.

The officer on the corner soon noticed the horse and started on a hunt for the owner. Finally he located him in the store, calmly smoking a cigarette, and demanded indignantly what he meant by leaving his rig alone that way in the street.

"Oh," explained the Jew, suavely, "he is givin' a balk." "Well, why don't you get out and try to make him go," asked the patrolman angrily.

"Sure, mine friend," said the peddler calmly, "dot is shust vat I am doing. You see, I leave him alone and go vere he can't see me—and then he forget it."

The policeman tried to argue with the man that that was no way to convince a balky horse he was in the wrong. But the peddler simply shrugged his shoulders and smoked.

At last the officer started out to try more violent methods, but before he had gone half a dozen steps, the horse pricked up his ears, looked around and seeing no one paid any attention to him, ambled slowly down the street.

"See," shouted the peddler exultantly, "it's slipped his mind!" And running into the street he climbed into the wagon, mounted the seat and drove off.

We can't all smoke when things are "giving a balk," but we can go and leave them alone. And sometimes a little wholesome letting alone of things, as well as people, brings about the desired result.

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*—"Seems kind o' rediculous, don't it, when the Lord made a world as good as this one, not to enjoy it some. I ust to think about folks that was hungry till my stummick clean caved in. I ust to eat my dinner like it was sawdust, for fear I'd get a little comfort out of it, while somebody somewhere was starvin', little children, like enough. That was al'ays the hardest part of it, little children * * * then it came over me, all of a sudden, what a big job I'd tackled, and I jest turned it over to the Lord, then and there. And all the next day I kep' kind o' thinking about it out here on the rocks—how't he'd took a thousand years —mebbe 't was more; good long spell, they say —to get rocks ready for folks to live on—jest the rocks! And like enough he knew what he was plannin' to do and didn't expect me to finish it all up for him in fo'—five years. Since then I've been leavin' it to him more—takin' a hand when I could, but payin' more attention to livin'. I sort of reckon that's what he made us for—to live."—From "Uncle William," by Jennette Lee.*

THE LATEST FROM PROF. LARKIN. Here is an addendum to Prof. Edgar L. Larkin's vivid article on the new Salton Sea. This was written at Mexicali, Mexico, July 2. Mexicali is now in ruins. Here is Prof. Larkin's letter:

There! A brick house just fell into the boiling river. Oh! look at the post office going! I am writing this in the extreme edge of Mexicali, Mexico. Only a few small dwellings are left. Men are tearing down buildings across the line in Calexico, Cal., to save what lumber they can. A great international disaster is now on. Officials are here. I went to the great break in the Colorado river, eight miles below Yuma on yesterday. There were ten railway engineers on board the boat. I listened to their plans, and those of the hydraulic engineers. A vast dam 5,000 feet long is to be erected immediately. The break is now 4,000 feet wide, and the waters are pouring through the opening with the speed of a millrace. All water from the Colorado is now pouring into the Salton Sink. None enters the Gulf. The new river is lower than the bed of the old. The dam must be high and strong to force water along its original course. The display of a mighty river in its anger is grand, majestic, appalling. A million dollars in value vanishes in a few minutes. The sea is rising and many new square miles are being submerged. The United States engineers at Yuma, now fear that the enormous dam of the "Yuma Project" will go. The river was on the surface at Mexicali three weeks ago. It has cut to a depth of fifty feet and buildings tumble into the twisting floods, hour by hour. Vast properties of the S. P. R. R., the California Development Company and Imperial Land Company, have been destroyed. Great engineers are struggling with the problem. Alarm and dismay are on every side.

"LEAST SAID SOONEST MENDED." To a woman who wrote that she is "swamped in lies and slander" I reply as follows:

When a woman gets "swamped in lies and slander," I am sorry for her. But such a submergence is really her own fault! All the lies and slander in christendom will not hurt you *unless you take them into your own mind.* If you take them in, and resent them and fuss about them, and talk them over, *you simply add fuel to the flames.* If you quit paying attention to them they will soon die out.

I am sure if you stop and think a moment you will see that you have added your own part to these flames of slander. You have not intended to tell anything that was not true, but you have done a lot of very unpleasant talking. No woman ever gets into such a mess without having done that.

And the people who are telling the things about you are just as conscientious about it as you are. They may have exaggerated very small faults into big mountains, but they have not intended in the beginning to tell real lies.

The only way to stop such things is to stop them in your own thoughts and conversation. Cut out gossip and unpleasant speeches whether true or untrue; send your forgiveness and your very kindest good will to all the people concerned. Keep on doing this; and you will find after awhile that people's unkind thoughts are turning into kind thoughts for you. *Unkind feeling* is at the bottom of all slander, and unkind feeling can be overcome *only* by kind feeling.

And kind *feeling* is started by kind *thoughts.*

So, no matter what your *feeling* is, set yourself to send only kind thoughts to everybody. And see that you do not allow other people to express any but kind thoughts to you.

You can overcome evil with good! Go in to win and stick to it.

The moment you send kind thoughts, instead of unkind ones, you *are* "conquerer." "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good," is the only way.

Of course when real public charges of wrong doing are made there are times when a public contradiction *with proofs* is the right thing, followed by dignified silence! But the sort of formless gossip which usually "swamps" a woman—or a man either—will die the sooner if the one gossiped about will simply go quietly on her way as if no gossip were rife.

The gossipers keep on talking about *her* talk long after they have nearly forgotten the original cause of it all.

Noise always dies into silence and forgetfulness—*when let alone.*

And you can *always* depend upon THE TRUTH to prevail in due time.

"The less said soonest mended."

If you want to get out of the "swamp" don't talk yourself farther in. Turn your back on the swamp and walk on about your business.

"THE CHILD OF A KING."

"If you are the child of a king why do you patch those stockings?" said I to myself one day as I sat mending the big holes in my small son's stockings.

"Because," my spirit answered, "you do not *abide* in your Father's house. Economy is well for you now, but when you become a *member* of the royal household you will have no need to patch."—A. T.

My dear girl, there are at least two errors of thought implied in your remarks. In the first place, if you are not *now* the "child of the King" you never will be. A grub may grow up a butterfly, but humanity does not grow into divinity. It *is* divinity first, last and always. You are the "king's child" first, last and forever more.

And evidently the king's child *does* mend stockings. And go to school. And do all the work of the world. And all the play of the world.

And sometimes the king's child does its work under protest. And then the spirit of the king whispers that the child will not always have that work to do.

And the child's own baby-reason adds that mistake about Graduation Day, depending upon the child some day "becoming" the child of the king.

Bless your heart, you *are* the king's child, and you are mending the king's stockings. And by doing it you are growing in wisdom and knowledge and developing the kindly virtues within you.

And by and by the king will give you other work to do.

Why, all the king's children are learning things in the king's school, and each of us is "passing" from one class to another just as fast as he can.

The better we realize our relationship to the king, and our heritage of power, the more joy we put into our doing and the faster we get along.

Jennette Lee's new "Uncle William" sums it up like this: "You learn just about the same bein' happy as you do bein' miserable—only you learn it quicker."

Some of the king's children *love* to darn the king's stockings—why not you? They do it because they *want* to, not because they have to—why not you?

Oh, yes, it's all in your mind! Get your thinking straight and you will get some fun out of your darning—and get through sooner.

"THE NEW RAYS."

In Dr. Leavitt's little *Thought,* for April, there is an interesting item about "The New Rays." The item is quoted herewith. Some folks still think thought doesn't radiate. They ought to be convinced by Di Brazza's proofs of Charpentier's surmises.

The italics in the item are mine. I want our readers to note that it is *interest and attention* which cause the I rays to increase in power. Di Brazza proves that a *man with a purpose,* a man with his will and attention concentrated, is worth half a dozen aimless, half-hearted dilletantes. The man with a purpose literally "lets his light shine!"—while the other fellow wanders aimlessly in obscurity.

Did you ever notice what a light shines in the faces of some people, and how dull

and opaque other faces appear? The light that lighteth a face to its full glory is made by the "I rays" of a high purpose and exalted interest.

And it is so easy to get interested and enthused with high things if one will only spend a little time every day communing with them. It is the dead-level, man-with-a-muck-rake drudges whose faces and bodies are dull and opaque.

I think Moses must have been that kind of a man most of the time—living right down in the hopeless faults and miseries and despair of his people. But after he went up into the mountain and communed with his soul and God the "skin of his face shined" so the people hardly knew him. I have seen people's faces shine like that when a new thought waked them to interest and high resolve. Haven't you?

And now the doctors, plodding solidly in the wake of the prophets, are proving that "when thine interest is single, thy whole body shall be full of light!"

Here is the little item by Dr. Leavitt:

After X rays, N rays; after N rays, I rays. I rays proceed from the brain. They are thought rays. They were discovered by M. di Brazza, student at Liege, when repeating the N ray experiments of Prof. Charpentier. Charpentier found that the phosphorescence of certain substances is increased when they are brought close to a nerve or to a contracting muscle. When some one talks variations are produced in the luminosity of calcium phosphate. In another experiment, Charpentier saw the phosphorescent substance shine all down the line of its application to the spinal cord. *Charpentier concluded that the emission of rays goes pari passu with activity of function,* which puts us in possession of a new method of studying nerves and muscles. Di Brazza now claims to demonstrate what Charpentier surmised—to wit: That the "brain is the seat of active radiation." The I rays differ from the N rays in that they can pass through moist substances and are not bent nor refracted. Di Brazza observes them directly and indirectly. In direct observation he applies a phosphorescing screen treated with platinocyanide of ba or other phosphorescent substances to the patient's head. The screen is faintly illuminated by a radiographic tube inclosed in a wooden box. *When the subject concentrates his will,* curious oscillations appear in the luminosity of the screen in relation with the patient's psychical activity. *When his attention is not concentrated,* the light does not flicker. The rays are not emitted equally from all parts of the head. They are nil at the forehead, increase at the temple and eyes, and are at their maximum behind the ears. The I rays are named for Italy.

CULINARY COLUMBUSES. Give my "views" on the uncooked food question? I view the uncooked food propaganda as a prophecy of what we are all coming to in due time. We shall evolve to a non-meat diet first, and then to an uncooked non-meat diet. It will take time and most of us may hang back until disease or poverty pushes us along into it; but we are all sure to get there eventually.

Why? *Because the human race wants to;* and it will surely do what it wants to.

Why, even the confirmed meat eaters are saying, I wish we didn't *have to* eat meat! The cooks of the world are always saying in their hearts, If only we didn't have to *cook* so much! We *don't* have to eat meat and we don't have to cook. The culinary Columbuses and Gallileos are proving it. "The world does move"—*in line with our heart's desires.* The old fogies may cavil and frown and hang onto Columbus's coat tails but we'll get there just the same—hitched to the culinary Columbus instead of a star.

The less meat we eat the better, and the less cooking we do the better. But *observe moderation* even in diet reforms. Remember the hare and the tortoise. Try things and prove what is good for you now. And remember always that a thing you can't do this year may be very easy in a year from now. Go easy and try, try again.

"*If you have the will you can go almost anywhere. Swim off, and don't wait for anybody to put a cork under you.*"—MADISON C. PETERS.

PREMONITIONS OF GOOD.

My editorial, "Concerning Prophecies," in May *Nautilus*, moved Grace MacGowan Cooke to the following very helpful reply to the correspondent whose letter inspired my editorial. I give Mrs. Cooke's letter here, for the benefit of all our readers:

We are asked why people do not have prevision of good as well as of evil. The answer is that they do. While fear is stronger in them than faith in All-Good they recognize only the foreshadowings of evil. As they develop spiritually they can see the foreshining of good.

This premonitory spiritual vibration, like all messages from the subjective, is formless. Mrs. Wiggs's "happy feelin'" is about as far as it goes, unless we begin to tincture it with our subjective intelligence, the faith that is strong within us, and apply it to enterprises which we have on hand. Then we say, "I know that I shall succeed with this or that because it makes me happy whenever I think of it."

This emotion is quite different from a strong desire to succeed, or a mad resolution to put through certain enterprises. It never comes to you till you have relaxed on the proposition, left it in the hands of the All-Good, and received back from the All-Good (which is also the All-Bountiful) assurance that what you deserve will come to you.

Premonitions of good—we live on them. What else makes the spiritually healthy happier than the morbid? It cannot be the mere enjoyment of the *now*, though that has its big place, it is the vague yet satisfying knowledge of the shining procession which is on its way to us-ward out of the future.—Grace MacGowan Cooke.

TWO HEADS AND ONE HEART.

By way of illustration of the sort of results and happiness a man and wife may realize when they pull together in the new thought, I publish the following letter from one of our bright western subscribers.

Evidently the "Robert" in the case makes more or less of a failure of any business he undertakes alone. But *two* minds, with the same purposes in view, can make success where either one alone would make a failure.

Men are made for double harness, though many a one manages to stagger along with the whole load.

And every woman is made for double harness, though many of us never realize it because we prefer to balk for our in-

Didn't Believe.

That Coffee Was the Real Trouble.

Some people flounder around and take everything that's recommended but finally find that coffee is the real cause of their troubles. An Oregon man says:

"For 25 years I was troubled with my stomach. I was a steady coffee drinker but didn't suspect that as the cause. I took almost anything which someone else had been cured with but to no good. I was very bad last summer and could not work at times.

"On December 2, 1902, I was taken so bad the doctor said I could not live over 24 hours at the most and I made all preparations to die. I could hardly eat anything, everything distressed me and I was weak and sick all over. When in that condition coffee was abandoned and I was put on Postum. The change in my feelings came quickly after the drink that was poisoning me was removed.

"The pain and sickness fell away from me and I began to get well day by day so I stuck to it until now I am well and strong again, can eat heartily, with no headache, heart trouble or the awful sickness of the old coffee days. I drink all I wish of Postum without any harm and enjoy it immensely.

"This seems like a strong story but I would refer you to the First National Bank, The Trust Banking Company, or any merchant of Grant's Pass, Ore., in regard to my standing, and I will send a sworn statement of this if you wish. You can also use my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Still there are many who persistently fool themselves by saying "Coffee don't hurt me." A ten days' trial of Postum in its place will tell the truth and many times save life. "There's a reason."

Look for the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Back to Pulpit.

What Food Did for a Clergyman.

A minister of Elizabethtown tells how Grape-Nuts food brought him back to his pulpit: "Some five years ago I had an attack of what seemed to be La Grippe which left me in a complete state of collapse and I suffered for some time with nervous prostration. My appetite failed, I lost flesh till I was a mere skeleton, life was a burden to me, I lost interest in everything and almost in everybody save my precious wife.

"Then on the recommendation of some friends I began to use Grape-Nuts food. At that time I was a miserable skeleton, without appetite and hardly able to walk across the room; had ugly dreams at night, no disposition to entertain or be entertained and began to shun society.

"I finally gave up the regular ministry, indeed I could not collect my thoughts on any subject, and became almost a hermit. After I had been using the Grape-Nuts food for a short time I discovered that I was taking on new life and my appetite began to improve; I began to sleep better and my weight increased steadily; I had lost some fifty pounds but under the new food regime I have regained almost my former weight and have greatly improved in every way.

"I feel that I owe much to Grape-Nuts and can truly recommend the food to all who require a powerful rebuilding agent delicious to taste and always welcome." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. A true natural road to regain health, or hold it, is by use of a dish of Grape-Nuts and cream morning and night. Or have the food made into some of the many delicious dishes given in the little recipe book found in packages.

Ten days' trial of Grape-Nuts helps many. "There's a reason."

Look in packages for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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dividual "rights," rather than to pull for the family good.

We women don't always need to go into the store in order to help our husbands to success. Some of us can do better taking care of the home end of things, sending only our *faith* and *cheerful thoughts* and *good will* to help our mates with the business load.

There are times, you know, when faith and good will and the silence are more powerful than many hands and a tongue hung in the middle. One of the times is when her husband prefers them.

Let the man be the head of the business at least, and let the woman serve. When it comes to home things let the woman boss and the man be a polite, well cared-for and prompt-paying boarder.

And let us all come in touch with the spirit of Anna and "Robert," and that blessed boy of theirs—one of the boys who are rising up to save the world.

Last year was the most successful year we have ever had in business and this year promises to be even better.

Robert and I work together in the business, and a few days ago I was at the store helping, and I told him I thought it about time he made another "deal" of some kind, for I felt that something good was coming our way. He looked at me very earnestly for a minute and asked if I really meant that. I said "Yes, I do." Well, he said he felt that way himself. And that afternoon he made a deal that in just one week cleared $300.

Robert says that every time we both concentrate on one subject things always come right.

We have a boy of fourteen years old who is getting to be very enthusiastic about new thought. He says, "I tell you what, mamma, new thought is all right; it helps a fellow lots."

Our home is about two minutes' walk from our store and I do most of my own housework and sometimes when I am busy at home

I will get an impulse to go to the store, and it never fails that Robert will say, "How did you know I needed you? I was just wishing you would come." If I resist the impulse, as I sometimes do, I find out afterward that I was needed.

Robert has tried several times to arrange business so that I need not help, but he will get nervous and things don't go right. I suppose it is because two minds working together in harmony make easier work for both, for he is really a better business "man" in some ways than I am.

MAN IS CONDENSED AIR. Stephen D. Parrish, of Richmond, Ky., sends us a most interesting quotation from a lecture of the Parisian Prof. Henry de Varigny. This lecture on "The Air and Life," was published in the Smithsonian Report for 1893. Mr. Parrish says if this professor's statements are true why not "Eat some air?" Here is the quotation:—

On closer examination another fact is disclosed to us. In the very felicitous words of J. B. Dumas, all living beings are nothing but condensed air. The plants owe their existence to air, and animals could not exist without plants. The elements of plants are themselves air, and as animals depend on plants, the connection is close, intimate and direct; *Man is condensed air.* And since throughout the centuries during which human kin has existed that same air has done nothing but pass without intermission through the bodies of our ancestors, forming a part of them for a time and then becoming disengaged. Our present body is composed of the same elements as was that of our forefathers. Our substance is the same as theirs. And that substance which is also that of the plants of yore, is incessantly moving through space in a ceaseless tide. Today or tomorrow a flower or a fruit, it will unite at one time with the sluggish organism of a Mollusk, or another with the brain of a Descartes, a Pascal, a Joan of Arc, or a Shakespeare. It never stops its cycle, of which no human eye ever saw the beginning and no human mind can imagine the end, seems to be infinite; alternating from life to death, as old as the world, and withal eternally young, it would, if only it were conscious, have exhausted all the joy and all the grief that life can afford, and experience all the emotions, the most noble and the basest.

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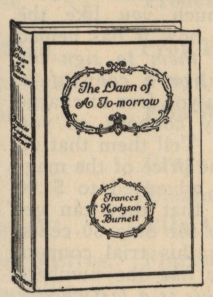
I will give a 50 cent copy of my most successful book "As a Man Thinketh," *free* to every one who sends $1.00 as a year's subscription for **THE LIGHT OF REASON** (now in its eighth volume). The cheap editions of this book now offered the American public as premiums are *pirated copies.* Subscribe for **THE LIGHT OF REASON** and receive a copy of the legitimate, handsomely bound fourth edition direct from the Author. Send money order or Greenback, to **JAMES ALLEN, "Light of Reason" Office, Ilfracombe, England.**

The Dawn of a To-morrow.

By FRANCIS HODGSON BURNETT.



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Of course it is better to get a full yearly subscription paid in advance whenever you can do so.

Send your subscriptions and signed coupons direct to me. You will be credited with each subscription you send *and you will also receive credit for all yearly subscriptions that I receive before December 1, 1906, through the coupons you send in.* No matter if those who sign the coupons send in the money afterwards for themselves, you will be credited for it just the same, provided *you* sent in the coupon.

No coupons will be counted that are mailed to me after September 30, 1906.

Coupons will be credited to the one who sends them in—not to the one whose name is signed, unless he is also the one who sends it in.

On December 1st, we shall begin to check up all subscriptions sent in under this offer and as soon as results are determined I will award a

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To everyone through whom I receive not less than 10 yearly subscriptions, I will give his or her choice of $3.00 worth of my own publications, including the books I publish for other people.

Now understand: This offer is made to gain new subscribers, and no renewals will be counted towards a prize under any circumstances, and none with which premiums were received.

I want your personal co-operation in this matter. The more subscribers I get the better magazine I will give you. You have helped me to improve *Nautilus* greatly within the past year, and with more subscribers I will give you a still better magazine.

It's really a sort of business arrangement between you and me. And I believe we can *both* do a lot of good besides, in spreading *Nautilus* with its gospel of love and good cheer, over the wide world.

If you *have* asked all your friends to subscribe and they wouldn't, just ask them again, showing them this number! Or the last! Or several!

Let me hear from *you.*

Remember, there's a cash prize of $20 for the one who sends in the most subscriptions.

Here is the agreement coupon. *For new subscribers.*

ELIZABETH TOWNE, HOLYOKE, MASS.:

You may enter my name for one year's subscription to *The Nautilus,* for which I agree to pay you 50 cents at the end of 3 months, provided I find the magazine to be what I want. In the event that I do not care for the magazine, I will so notify you at the end of 3 months, in which case I shall owe you nothing.

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